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Mr. Dulles Backs Another Loser

How fast Mr. Dulles has retreated from his doctrine of "massive retaliation"! Just a year ago, Mr. Dulles and Admiral Radford were threatening to kill the Geneva Conference, before it even began, by launching atomic bombers from American aircraft carriers in order to break the siege of Dien Bien Phu. Indo-China, we were solemnly assured by the Pentagon, was a strategic bastion of the Western world which must be held even at the risk of our starting World War III. Now, one year later, that bastion has been disrupted into its four constituent parts. Under the Geneva Agreement, Northern Vietnam has been integrated into the Communist world; the shadow States of Laos and Cambodia maintain a tenuous neutrality; and the rump of Southern Vietnam, which is all that remains to the West, seems to be writhing in its death agonies. Yet, in the new atmosphere of comparative co-existence, the Pentagon seems likely to be compelled to face the collapse of its plans. Even Senator Knowland, who is still fighting a lone crusade for the defence of the off-shore islands, does not propose that the United States should take any risks with its own forces in order to save Saigon.

Paris and Washington have both failed in Vietnam. The French are above all anxious that the obsequies on this dead loss should not be too prolonged. They decided, months ago, that their best chance of retaining their economic interests in Indo-China was to cultivate good relations with the Communists in the North, and to connive at their victory in the elections which are soon to take place in Vietnam. This was an intelligible policy, but to the Americans it smacked of cynical defeatism. Mr. Dulles has a unique facility for backing losers—and then backing down on them. Unwilling to commit anything to the battle, except dollars and advice, he decided to build up an anti-Communist regime in Vietnam, only to discover that anyone in this part of the world who hates the Communists, hates French colonial rule even more. For months, the Americans in Saigon have been intriguing against the French soldiers and officials. The climax of this sorry business has now been reached in a civil war in which Diem, backed by General Collins and the State Department, has thrown off the authority which Bao Dai has pretended to exercise from his villa in Cannes. Mr. Malcolm McDonald has now offered his good offices as peacemaker.

This situation is complicated by the action of the Revolutionary Junta, whose composition, as our Paris Correspondent points out, is obscure, and whose intentions, apart from their support of a Republic and their implacable hostility to Bao Dai, are still uncertain. The next few days will reveal whether they contain genuinely nationalist elements which are opposed to American intervention as well as to French colonialism.

Surely Mr. Dulles must now face the fact that there is no longer any role which America can play in Vietnam which is likely to bring him either credit or success? The Pentagon policy was for General Collins to set up Diem as President under American protection; we should then have seen, for a time at least, a partition of Indo-China parallel with that in Korea. The policy of building up Diem as a Syngman Rhee is, however, unlikely to succeed because General Eisenhower has clearly no intention of risking a single American life in this futile cause.

There are two other possible American policies. The first is to destroy any attempt that may be made to set up a more representative Government in Vietnam by continuing to intrigue on behalf of anti-French leaders without giving them serious support. The only alternative is to leave Vietnam to itself. Then, whatever Government emerges from the present confusion, it will make the best bargain it can both with Ho Chi Minh and the French.

The News in Review

International

THE prospects for talks between China and the U.S. improved greatly during the past week. Chou En-lai followed his Bandung discussions with an invitation to Mr. Krishna Menon to continue talks in Peking, and in both London and Delhi there were reports of private "soundings" to chart the possible scope of negotiations for a cease-fire in the Formosa Straits. In Formosa itself, moreover, Chiang Kai-shek has been persuaded to withdraw his "veto" on direct Sino-American talks—possibly because he believes that their failure would again rally behind him unquestioning U.S. support.

The most notable change has been inside the U.S. The President seems to be so far successful in his effort to disengage himself from the China Lobby—and, to judge from the latest opinion poll, he has public opinion behind him in this. The tactics that checked McCarthy last year have been used to isolate Senator Knowland and the "preventive war" faction who saw their opportunity in the defence of Quemoy and Matsu. Once again, the extremists have been tackled by an alliance led by conservatives free of any "liberal" record—in this case, the lead was taken by Senator George, who was supported by the Democrats, with the Administration gingerly bringing up the rear.

One pointer to the prevailing wind is the statement by twelve Republican Senators supporting the proposal for talks with China. The position has now been restored to that of January last, when Mr. Dulles refused to follow up the Hammarskjold mission. The proposal brought back by the U.S. Secretary General at that time was substantially the same as that now offered by the Chinese.

In the House of Commons last Thursday, Sir Anthony Eden strongly denied that there was any secret British commitment to assist in the defence of Formosa in return for the evacuation of the coastal islands. Mr. Dulles, however, still seems to be seeking some such "understanding."

FRANCO-GERMAN talks last week-end were unexpectedly successful—in the sense that they reached an agreement which was a victory politically for Dr. Adenauer, and economically for big business "Europeans." The communiqué issued jointly by M. Pinay and the German Chancellor, after their two days' meeting, repeated Bonn's familiar thesis that ratification of the Paris Treaties will prepare the ground for "necessary talks with the East" aimed at the re-establishment of German unity. In Western Europe itself, the key word of the statement is "closer integration"—e.g., in the fields of transport, aircraft construction, and the peaceful use of atomic energy. The intention, presumably, is to bring these sectors of the European economy within the scope of the High Authority, to which, it is hoped, M. Monnet may now consent to return as President.

As for the Saar, the vexed question of the Röchling Works was solved by M. Pinay's agreeing to have the assets sold (with due compensation to the Röchling family) to a 50-50 Franco-German consortium. The various problems involved in the application of the Saar Statute are to be referred to the Council (which comes into being on May 10) of the Western European Union, which will have before it proposals prepared by the French and German Governments. It would appear that, subject to the W.E.U. Council, the European Commissioner is to be given considerable latitude—a proposal which *Le Monde* criticises, not without justice, as calculated to open the door for "incessant interference by Bonn."

At Home

APART from the flurry of excitement caused by the threatened footplatemen's strike—followed by serious unofficial stoppages in the Yorkshire coalfield and in the London bus services—home news has fallen into the doldrums that normally precede a general election. At this stage, the parties are preparing their campaign plans and printing their propaganda; few meetings are being held, and though some canvassing has started—mainly for the urban elections in mid-May—neither electors nor candidates seem very sure what the issues will be. Labour is undoubtedly concentrating at this stage on the uncertain economic outlook, and on "the rich man's Budget."

Conversely, the Conservative tactic seems to be to ask for a vote of confidence in the record of the past three years, and to raise the spectre of a Labour return to rationing, controls, inflation and austerity. Any elector who perseveres to the end of *United for Peace and Progress*—and how many voters read more than a summary of either official manifesto?—may well ask what the next Parliament will do if there is a Conservative majority. For this manifesto has many declarations of intent, and few specific proposals. Production and exports are to be stimulated; agricultural efficiency is to be secured by new marketing arrangements; but apart from some odds and ends, the recipe for 1955 is the mixture as before. Labour's programme, at least, is substantial.

UNDER evidently heavy pressure from the T.U.C., the A.S.L.E.F. accepted, on Saturday, as a condition for instructing their members to continue at work, terms not substantially different from those which they refused two days earlier. They have won from the Transport Commission an undertaking to negotiate on footplate differentials with a real sense of urgency, coupled with an admission that neither last autumn's Tribunal award (which established *de facto* certain differentials), nor the contradictory award of April, 1955 (which cut those differentials down) is to be regarded as "having laid down principles for determining the wages of footplate staff."

So far, so good. The country is relieved of the threat of an immediate railway stoppage; the A.S.L.E.F. have secured negotiations which are obviously intended to be rapid; and in the discussions with the Commission, which began on Monday, the A.S.L.E.F. had the "first crack" on their own: the N.U.R. was to be brought in only at a later stage. With the strike notices suspended, but not officially "withdrawn," the public will hope for a speedy agreement. It is clear, however, that if the footplatemen get more, in recognition of their skill and responsibilities, the N.U.R. will lose no time in tabling a similar claim for some, at least, of the signalmen.

With two rival unions competing with one another, the task of working out a complete new national structure of railway wages is bound to be a long affair; and it will clearly not be attempted now. Unless, however, the A.S.L.E.F. and the N.U.R. can arrive at a common understanding as between footplate crews and signalmen, even the present negotiations may run into difficulties. The Commission will be chary of making any concessions, if it is faced with the prospect of "leap-frogging" sectional claims, one after another.

THE motives which inspired yet another unofficial bus strike in London are mixed. The strikers argue that, by cutting down summer services in comparison with 1954, the L.T.E. is courting congestion: that is, they decline to be parties to economies which will inconvenience the public and cause hardship to the crews—to the conductors, because of the difficulties of collecting fares in a crowded bus, and to the drivers because of the difficulty of keeping to time schedules when there are long queues and delays at each stopping point. With this argument, however, there is mixed up the much less altruistic consideration that the proposed decrease of 700 turns of duty on Sunday means a reduction—unwelcome to the men—in overtime earnings.

THE unofficial stoppage spreading through the Yorkshire coalfields also seems to involve motives difficult for the outsider to disentangle. On the face of it, the strike has arisen from a straightforward local dispute over piece-workers' price lists. Why should it have come to a head now? And why should the Yorkshire miners force the pace by a strike without the blessing of the N.U.M.? Conjecturally, Yorkshire piece-workers are endeavouring to forestall negotiations between the N.U.M. and the N.C.B. for a rationalisation of piece rates throughout the coalfields by endeavouring to secure, here and now, in one sector, an advance which can be used to support claims for differential increases in others.

LANCASHIRE, eagerly wooed and expecting help, will welcome the substantial reduction in the Indian tariff, now to be set at an average of 25 per cent., especially as it affects quality goods. It is to these that the cotton trade looks most for an expansion of exports, and production of better grades of cloth will also be helped by the decision to abolish purchase tax. Though disappointing to Yorkshire woollen producers, who have been given no help, the Government's decision—which, with the Budget concession, will cost the revenue about £6m. in a full year—will give some assistance to Lancashire. It may, however, prove only a shot in the arm, and textile firms will still have to face stiff competition from the increasing imports of cheap Indian cottons, on which the Government has declined to place any restriction.

Textile workers at the annual conference of the United Textile Factory Workers' Association at Morecambe, last week-end, expressed dismay that the Labour Party's election manifesto made no reference to the current problems of Lancashire. Mr. Harold Bradley, the secretary of the Association, told the conference that the Labour Party would (a) re-construct the Raw Cotton Commission, (b) adopt a "basic utility scheme," guaranteeing to purchase limited quantities of standard lines, (c) aid the industry to modernise its equipment and organisation, (d) reconsider the incidence of purchase tax, and (e) negotiate urgently with India to secure abandonment of "unfair competitive practices."

THE new scale for State scholarships, announced on Tuesday, will give most relief to middle-class parents whose income lies between £1,000 and

£2,000. For this group the easing of the means test, particularly the increase in "disregards" for school fees paid for other children, will mean a substantial drop in the contribution paid towards the cost of university education. This relief, moreover, must be coupled with that granted to larger families by the Budget. The addition to maintenance grants is less generous, for it adds only 7 per cent. to the sums fixed three years ago. The struggle to make ends meet at university is still hard for the child of poor parents.

Overseas

REPORTS from Tunis, writes our Paris Correspondent, indicate that the Paris Agreement has been well received by the Tunisians. The Vieux-Destour, the traditionalist and theocratic wing of the Nationalist movement, is critical of some of the terms, and little enthusiasm is shown by the UGTT, the trade union Left wing of the movement; but there is no doubt that the Agreement has strengthened the position of the Neo-Destour and, in particular, of M. Bourguiba, who is expected to return to Tunis shortly. With few exceptions, however, it has been widely denounced by the *colons* as a "betrayal." Mass meetings have been held by the French population in Tunis, Bizerta and elsewhere. Following an inflammatory speech by a retired French general (who has since been deported) an elderly pro-Tunisian French scientist was savagely attacked by young French thugs; and preparations by the Tunisian Lobby for an offensive in the Assembly are already under way. It believes that if the debate on the Agreement can be delayed for six months, terrorism will break out again; the whole question can then be shelved under the ægis of an "emergency." Its members claim, privately, that several Ministers have already promised to oppose the inclusion of the Agreements in the agenda of the new session.

IN Argentina, May Day tradition was broken by the publication of the newspapers, which continued to work up support for President Peron in his dispute with the Catholic Church. Demonstrators also shouted anti-clerical slogans. The tone of the Peronist campaign suggests, as the official newspaper *Democracia* recently argued, that the crisis will lead to complete separation of Church and State, "to ensure real freedom of religion." The Church gave substantial help to Peron when he first took power, but, after the death of Evita Peron, who was its link with the Casa Rosada, it unwisely began to organise rival party and trade union organisations. Peron's reaction began with legalisation of divorce, and went on to the dissolution of challenging Catholic organisations and the ending of Catholic teaching in schools.

IN South Africa, the Bill increasing the Appeal Court from six to eleven has passed through the House of Assembly. Thus "packed," the Court will support the Government in disenfranchising the Cape Coloured voters and destroying the entrenched clauses of the South Africa Act. The United Party, belatedly realising the threat to the civil liberties even of the White community, has opposed the Bill; but the public, in contrast to their previous excitement when the Torch Commando was formed, has been almost completely apathetic. The Government's next step, it is suggested, may be to begin altering the composition of Parliament so as to secure a two-thirds majority, possibly removing the Native representatives.

From Our Correspondents Abroad

Paris

The Crisis in Saigon

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Ngo Dinh-Diem's successful *coup d'état* came as an embarrassing surprise to the French Government. For weeks officials had been confiding to journalists that Diem's end was in sight and that America was swinging round to the French point of view that a new coalition Government was needed. Diem's dismissal of the Binh-Xuyen police chief, which precipitated the crisis, was interpreted here as the last gamble of a desperate man; and Bao Dai's subsequent decision to transfer Diem's military powers to General Van-Vy—clearly the prelude to Diem's overthrow—was warmly applauded. At his press conference on Friday, M. Faure felt sufficiently sure of his ground to deliver a sharp attack on Diem, and this was followed, on Saturday, by a semi-official Government statement which marked the first open criticism of U.S. policy.

By Sunday night the tables had been turned. First, Diem's success in driving the Binh-Xuyen from the centre of Saigon not only forestalled the palace revolution Bao Dai had planned, but, since it involved bitter fighting, widened the gap between the Viet Nam army and the more intransigent leaders of the sects. Hence, when General Vy attempted to take over control of the army on Saturday he found that, although most of the Generals were willing to come to terms, the junior officers were hostile. On Sunday morning Diem capitalised this feeling by issuing wholesale promotions; he also divulged the contents of a communication he had received a few hours previously from Mr. Randolph Kidder, the U.S. *chargé d'affaires* in Saigon, which announced that America was now prepared to renew its confidence in his Government. At this point even the senior officers abandoned Vy, and on Sunday afternoon he fled.

In theory, then, Diem is now in command of the situation. But his position is by no means as strong as it looks at first glance. The political side of the *coup d'état* was directed by a "revolutionary committee," elected after a meeting, last Friday, of representatives of 16 so-called "political parties." Most of these parties are nominal "fronts" for independent war-lords, and the only thing they have in common is their anti-French nationalism. The real powers behind the committee seem to be two generals —Nguyen-Thanh-Phuong, a Coa-Daiist army commander, and Trinh Minh-The, who has a private following of Hoa-Hoa guerillas. Their motives in supporting Diem are personal and obscure. Diem's own political following has crumbled in recent weeks; his Cabinet—with the exception of his two faithful Secretaries of State, Dung and Dong—has now vanished, and he is conducting affairs through a motley gang.

Meanwhile, in Paris, M. Faure is faced with a difficult choice. The French Expeditionary Force, 90,000 strong, is still the trump card in the South, and, faced with rising anti-French feeling and the danger that the 1945 Saigon massacres may be repeated, M. Faure has already ordered "demonstrations of force." But he is anxious, if possible, to avoid a direct clash, since this would exacerbate the nationalist extremists' xenophobia. On the other hand, the withdrawal of the Expeditionary Force—which is now being demanded by a large section of the French press —might well prove disastrous. Viet Nam was not a signatory to the Geneva cease-fire, and Diem may well refuse to accept the elections scheduled for July, 1956, especially if he is previously allowed to organise his own "elections" in the South. The presence of the Expeditionary Force is the best guarantee that the Geneva terms—to which France, as M. Faure stressed on Tuesday—is bound in honour—will be observed. Here, indeed, is the crux.

THE ELECTION

The 1955 election campaign which begins this week-end will be fought, to an unprecedented extent, not on constituency platforms but on TV and sound broadcasting. With the aid of a panel of listeners the impact of these mass media will be specially assessed week by week in:

The TV Election
by WILLIAM SALTER

ALSO NEXT WEEK

Prize Essay Competition
The names of the winners in the "Faith and Reason" essay competition will be announced.

What is "Brain-Washing"?
by KINGSLEY MARTIN

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Vienna

The Fruits of Neutrality

An Austrian Correspondent writes: The four High Commissioners are beginning, this week, their talks on the final conclusion of a State Treaty in a radically changed climate of Austrian public opinion. The unanimity with which the Lower House, last week, endorsed the bargain struck in Moscow by Herr Raab reflected accurately the general feeling of satisfaction felt by all parties. The change of view has, indeed, been dramatic. Three years ago, Dr. Figl, the former Chancellor and now Minister of Foreign Affairs, was speaking of Austria as "a fortress, a wedge driven into the Eastern front"; and it is only 18 months since Vice-Chancellor Schärf, the leader of the Socialists, declared that "a so-called policy of neutrality—a courtship with Russia—will not bring us nearer to liberty. That is why we refuse all invitations to such escapades." Yet today the Austrian Government has committed itself, with overwhelming public backing, to a neutrality—subject to membership of the U.N.—as absolute as that of Switzerland.

The Austrian electorate, it should be appreciated, is no less definitely anti-Communist than before; nor is Austria unmindful of the extent to which she owes her economic recovery to Western help. The causes which have brought about Austria's re-orientation of policy are twofold. (1) To the man-in-the-street here, American aid

has, for some time, looked too much like military aid—with dangerous strings; (2) Austria has always had a keen eye for the side on which her bread is buttered. Herr Raab, once a leader of the Heimwehr, and ex-President of the Chamber of Commerce, is a tough, realistic business man. He relegated Herr Gruber from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to the Embassy in Washington almost certainly because he felt that Austria could not afford to have a man so pronouncedly "pro-American" in charge of foreign policy. When Dr. Maleta, secretary of the People's Party, told Parliament last Thursday that the Treaty would put Austria in a strong position as a nodal point for East-West trade, he was only echoing the Chancellor, who has gone so far as to predict a boom for Austria as a "trading post with the East." In fact, the business community in Vienna is full of optimism as to the fruits of neutrality; and if the West were now to delay signing the Treaty, there would be a storm of popular protest.

Problems, of course, have still to be solved. Even leading Catholic journalists, like Dr. Funder, have expressed optimism about the correctness of Russia's future attitude to Austria; but the Government here will have to cope with serious difficulties in taking over and modernising the so-called U.S.I.A. factories. These former German assets, which the Russians took over, have been kept going; but, as the Russians knew their administration was only temporary, they have suffered badly from lack of fresh capital investment. Politically, too, it remains to be seen how successful the Government will be in resisting pressures from reactionary elements to re-introduce the law which Parliament passed, but which was vetoed by the Allied Control Commission, reinstating former Nazis to all their rights, and awarding them heavy compensation for past treatment.

Rome

New President

Our Correspondent in Italy writes: The question raised by the Presidential election results is whether the vote given to Signor Gronchi implies a vote of no-confidence in Signor Scelba. Is the long-postponed "Scelba crisis" now brought to a head by the rejection of the Christian Democrats' first (Right-wing) candidate, Signor Merzagora? The Government will hand in its resignation on May 11, when the new President is installed. The question now is whether this resignation will be real or formal.

Gronchi has long been known as the most Left-inclined and independent of Christian Democrat personalities. The Socialists and Communists did not expect their candidate, Ferrucio Parri (representing the Resistance Movement) to win; and, as expected, they readily transferred their votes to Gronchi at the second round. Scelba and Fanfani, the C.D. party secretary, perhaps thought to counteract these Left votes with votes from the Right. Gronchi, however, won because of the division among the Christian Democrats themselves; Fanfani, it emerged, had lost his tight grip on the party, and many Right-wing Christian Democrats threw in their votes with the Socialists and the Communists. The result shows not so much a swing to the Left by the Christian Democrats as the confusion and crisis within the Party.

Gronchi's first words after the election were an appeal for *détente* and collaboration between the parties. The Left-wing trade union meetings of May Day were of the same tone. But hostility to the attitude of Gronchi may be deduced from Scelba's violently anti-Communist speech following the election. The Pope's May Day speech to the Catholic workers gathered in Saint Peter's Square was also an indication that things were not going as the Vatican would like them to go. Alluding to Signor Nenni, the Pope said that the only safe *apertura* ("*opening*") was "that of Jesus Christ among the workers." Any attempts at Collaboration with the Left wing would be detrimental to the Catholics—an obvious attack on Gronchi's negotiations with Nenni for a working alliance between the Socialists and the Christian Democrats.

In spite of all this, and the conviction of the Social Democrats and the Liberals that the crisis has inevitably arrived, Signor Scelba's possibilities of manœuvre are not yet exhausted. What keeps him in power is that nobody has yet hit on a generally acceptable formula for his replacement.

New York

Dodging a Recession

Our New York Correspondent writes: The resilience of the American economy continues to confound the experts here. Now that the figures for the first quarter of 1955 have been released, it is clear that last year's downtrend has been halted—at least for the present. In fact, business activity is approaching the all-time "high" reached in the spring of 1953. Most of the ground lost during the 1954 recession has been regained. The decline was thus relatively short and mild—certainly less severe than classic business cycle theory would indicate.

As on several past occasions since the war, the economists are searching for the "special" factor which has prevented the slump which "ought" to have occurred. This time the consumer is the hero. Consumer demand has expanded enough to replace a continuing decline in Government expenditure, and is now leading to business spending on new plant and equipment, which will rise by some 5 per cent. this year, according to a McGraw-Hill survey. Apparently, last year's tax cuts have had a marked influence in putting purchasing power in the hands of the consumer. It was sufficient to raise the Gross National Product to about a $370 billion annual rate in the first quarter of this year, as compared with $357 billion in 1954.

There are, nevertheless, still some fears that the American economy is too volatile. President Eisenhower told a news conference last week that his economic advisers have been discussing the possibility that the recovery movement may pick up too much speed. There is a limit to the "priming" effects of consumer demand, and a too rapid expansion of plant and inventories could lead to disaster. Some fears have already been expressed that future declines in home-building and automobile output may cause a dip in economic activity after mid-year. Production of cars and new homes is booming now, and may have to be cut back soon to avoid unsold accumulations later. This could have an adverse effect on other industries. Manufacturers are turning out cars at an annual rate of nearly nine million; but they expect to sell only six million this year. Moreover, there are three other factors, unfavourable to the business outlook. First, Defence expenditures continue to decline; secondly, farm incomes and prices have failed to share in the recovery movement; and, finally, the smaller producers have not on the whole shared in the recovery.

Westminster

The End

Parliament this last week has been dying like a landed fish. There have been little palpitations of the gills as the last formal debates have been staged. The parties have been looking collectively at the electorate with a baleful, mistrustful, glassy eye, wondering whether they will land in the frying pan or the fire. And there have been occasional convulsive gasps and wriggles which gave an impression of life. One came at Question Time as Barbara Castle grimly charged the Conservative Party with electoral malpractice in seeking to enlist public servants in the manipulation of the postal vote for party purposes. She made her charge effectively—to the great delight of the Labour benches and the discomforture of Dr. Charles Hill and Mr. David Gammans; and if there is anything which brings joy to the heart of the average man it is to see these two gentlemen on the griddle. The other flurry came as a result of the blatant electioneering tactics of Sir Anthony Eden in the last minute concessions to the marginal seats of Lancashire. This was not only a sudden policy somersault, it was an indication that the Conservatives are worried. Poor Sir Anthony. Even the charitable, who in Parliament can be harboured in one of the smaller committee rooms, cannot see him as Prime Minister. And only the malicious dare guess what Mr. Butler thinks of him after the sudden reversal of his decision to let Lancashire stew.

At these times, when one has every reason to think of Parliament as a mere instrument of democracy, one starts, perversely, to see it as a group of individuals to whom one has become attached or whom one has learned to endure. It is a little sad to see retiring Members hanging on for the last few days when most other Members have already deserted the scene to start their battle to return. It is sad to see Sir Douglas Savory hobbling round on his sticks for the last time. It is very sad to see Tom Driberg clear his locker of a long accumulation of papers, even though one has at times been provoked by the urbanity with which he has divided his colleagues into Left and Right according to some inner and arbitrary test of his own application. And towards the end it becomes difficult to sustain cheerful conversation with colleagues who are now forced by the Boundaries Commission to tackle almost impossible seats with scant hope of return. It is rather like talking to an infantry platoon commander who has just been briefed for a suicide patrol.

This was my first Parliament—and I hope never to see another like it. It is one thing to argue that in a vigorous political party there are bound to be noise-producing quarrels over policy. It is another thing to see policy differences breed personal animosities which in turn search for policy differences where they do not really exist. If only the articulate had occasionally been smitten with laryngitis, and if only the professional penmen, and I include myself, had now and again suffered writer's cramp, we might, one reflects, have enjoyed throughout the Parliament the genuine fraternal unity which grips us at this moment as we turn to fight the election. For in some of the bigger controversies, over German rearmament, for example, colleagues differed out of conviction but managed to avoid the more extreme exhibitions of rancour.

At election time even the most hard-bitten dabble in platitude and pious exhortation. So I am only being true to form when I hope that, win or lose, we do better next time.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

China in Uniform

I — Fundamentals of the Revolution

In Peking I did my best to discover what basis there might be for the stories told me in Hongkong about existing divisions and instability in China. For this my best sources of information were necessarily Europeans who had lived in China during the last decade. I talked, for instance, with a European expert who, as a Roman Catholic and conservative, cherished a particularly strong animosity against the New Order in China. I asked him how many people had really been "liquidated" in the great counter-revolutionary purge of 1951. ("Liquidated" meaning killed was a mistranslation of a speech by a Chinese general who boasted that two million enemies had been "rendered harmless.") We did the sum as best we could, adding up the hundreds of publicly announced executions in towns and village-groups all over China; they included gangsters, landlords, moneylenders and ex-Kuomintang soldiers in Southern China who had refused to surrender their arms and were believed to be a fifth column waiting to help Chiang Kai-shek when he attempted his much-advertised reconquest of China. It certainly came to hundreds of thousands—perhaps a million or a million and a half. "But," said my informant, "if it came to two millions it would not alter the fact that fewer people have died violent deaths in China in the last five years than in any other five years in the last century."

It seemed at first a surprising statement; it may have overlooked some odd periods of five years such as those that immediately preceded the Boxer riots at the end of the century. But if you read the story of the Taiping rebellion and the great Moslem revolt that followed it, you are likely to decide that the generalisation was broadly correct. In the Yunnan rising, for instance, the population of that single province was reduced from sixteen to six millions. By comparison with the past the present Chinese regime has been economical in the matter of killing.

We must pursue this inquiry rather further if we wish to understand why, as an older expert put it, the peculiar appeal of the present China is its "extraordinary stability." A middle-aged Chinese, who allows his mind to run over events in which he has willy-nilly taken part in the last forty years, recalls the republican revolution of 1911 with its accompanying explosion of national sentiment; the Three Principles of Sun Yat-sen; Japan's Twenty-one Demands; the ravages of rival war lords and the long agony of the civil war between Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists, which never ceased, in spite of the simultaneous twenty-five-year war with Japan, until 1949, when Chiang and the rump of his government took refuge in Formosa. He recalls, most vividly of all, the chaos, murder and corruption of the last days of the Kuomintang in Chungking and the American attempt, after the Japanese were thrown out, to give the victory to the completely discredited Generalissimo. When, in 1949, the Kuomintang collapsed, the Communists, centred on Yenan, without aid from Russia (which clearly thought their advance premature and dangerous), found the peasants everywhere ready to welcome the Red Army as it swept through the countryside, reinforced by whole divisions of deserters and equipped with arms thrown away or sold by Chiang's unpaid, half-starved soldiers.

At the end of a generation of civil and international war, it required no great effort of propaganda for Mao Tse-tung's Government to persuade the mass of Chinese people that their revolution was not complete as long as Chiang Kai-shek and the rump of the Kuomintang remained on Formosa, equipped and protected by the American invaders, blockading the southern coast, and bombing or seizing ships that sought to carry goods to Canton or Shanghai. To them, inevitably, the Korean War seemed part of this whole process. The argument that the civil war in Korea was really an international war because the line that had been drawn across Korea in 1945 by the United Nations had been crossed in armed force by North Koreans, with Russian advice and equipment, was not presented to them, nor, with this history behind them, would it have counted in Chinese minds, even if they had known the detailed proceedings of the United Nations. They were told of innumerable threats of American military and political spokesmen to replace Chiang Kai-shek on his throne in China and they knew of MacArthur's threat to bomb China north of the Yalu River. To them these were merely a confirmation of the daily propaganda from Peking Radio which told them that the Americans (indistinguishable in their minds from the United Nations) intended one more imperialist invasion of China, one more effort to subjugate them beneath a foreign tyranny.

That this is a partial and simplified version of the events of forty years in China, I am well aware. I know, too, that Chinese propaganda often rewrites history as unscrupulously as Soviet propaganda has done. But it is important for the West to understand how the story must appear to almost everyone in China. Whatever educated Chinese may think about their Russian allies, and whatever inherent rivalries there may be between Peking and Moscow, it is likely in the minds of any Chinese you may meet—whether a peasant tilling a tiny paddy field or a blue-uniformed official in Peking—that the Soviet Union will appear as a strong friend in a hostile world, and that as long as the Americans support Chiang Kai-shek, the Communist bloc, from Moscow to Peking, Shanghai and Canton, will remain solid.

Even if it is true that the traditions and structure of Russia and China may eventually lead to divergencies of policies, it is today an irrelevant speculation in view of their common belief in the menace of Western aggression, from Germany on one side and from South-East Asia, Formosa and Japan, on the other. As it is, one meets today in China no display of Russian arrogance, but groups of stolid Soviet technicians, starting out with their brief-cases for discussions in Chinese administrative offices. All the Chinese are told is that about 160 of the most ambitious and advanced projects in the vast plan of Chinese industrialisation (500 "projects" are listed in all) are directed by and equipped with Soviet machinery which the Chinese cannot, as yet, themselves supply. What the terms of the latest Russian loans to China are, no one outside the inner Communist ring today knows; but whether the money is to be repaid quickly, onerously, or not at all, is not in the immediate future of very great importance. The Russians are regarded as friends and allies; the Americans as enemies and aggressors; the British seem to them half-hearted stooges of the United States; the Indians, and other people of South-East Asia, are potential allies, but until they have thrown off Western capitalist influence, still possibly capable of becoming bases for "imperialist aggression."

That this is the picture that most Chinese see, is, I think, not open to doubt. I recall mentioning the issue of foreign policy to a liberal Chinese who was discussing whether or not it was right to call Mao's Government a People's Democracy. I asked him whether criticism, which, of a kind, is encouraged in China, and "participation," in public affairs, which cannot easily be avoided, can ever really amount to "democracy," unless they can develop into a genuine "opposition" to which the government has to pay attention. What, for instance, I said, would you do to express your dissatisfaction if Chou En-lai should involve you in another war of which you did not approve? He brushed this aside as too bizarre a hypothesis even to merit discussion. He was willing to consider the danger of ideological uniformity; he saw the point when I questioned him about uniformed and conditioned minds; but he could not even imagine any national divisions arising over Formosa and the American imperialist threat. Even those who have a long anti-Communist record are united by Mr. Dulles in support of Chou En-lai. The Chinese feel that a great, an almost despaired of, aspiration has been suddenly accomplished. The invading foreigners, British, Japanese and Americans alike, have been thrown out; Communism has inherited the long-frustrated nationalism of China. It has done so everywhere in Asia where the Western Powers have tried to put the clock back; where, as in India and Burma, they have recognised its claim in time, the nationalist movement has fought and, so far at least, successfully defeated, Communist efforts to seize power.

With this nationalist victory behind it, the Peking Government would have had to make more and worse mistakes than it has done to forfeit popular support. So far it has not done anything to endanger stability, in spite of the counter-revolutionary purge, the "brain-washing" of intellectuals and the now perhaps too rapidly accelerating drive towards collective agriculture. The future of the Revolution depends on Peking's failure or success in handling the peasants and its ability to resolve that struggle between town and country which is at the root of governmental difficulties in every Communist country. Recent references in the *People's China* to some instances of cattle-killing by peasants recall the worst of all Soviet errors in antagonising the peasantry, but from Peking's point of view they are reassuring since the instances seem to be few and local, while their publicity means that error is at once admitted and being remedied.

In Peking I congratulated officials on their Government's gradual settlement of the land problem which showed that it had recognised the blundering cruelty of the Kremlin in handling the Kulaks. The response to such a comment was always a deep and expressive silence. All educated Chinese feel superior to all foreigners, including the Russians, but no one would dream of twitching an eyelid by way of admitting that the Soviet ally had ever committed faults. Peking has also avoided the other great error of alienating technicians and potentially friendly intellectuals and it has even taken time and trouble profitably and ingeniously to squeeze out the foreign businessmen instead of abruptly seizing their assets, thereby creating a rallying ground for their imperialist enemies. There have been exceptions, but on the whole the Peking Government has prepared the way carefully for its sweeping changes. Stability means much to the small shopkeeper as well as to the peasant; hoarders no longer hold the community to ransom; the currency does not leap about like a fever chart; prices are kept steady and the standard of living tends to go up. So much I found was admitted by strong

opponents of the new order. An austere and competent government may be oppressive to some of the community and unloved by many, but to the Chinese after the experience of the K.M.T. rule, any honest and constructive regime, free from foreign influence, is called "liberation" without query or hypocrisy.

None of this means that Communism in China is anything but triumphant Marx-Leninism. It is not some kind of "agrarian reform," though agrarian reform gave it its first great victory. It is more broadly based than Russian government. This does not mean that it is tolerant; and in my next article I want to examine in some detail the meaning of "re-education," as the Chinese call it, and the position of Chinese intellectuals. What I am anxious to establish here is that, whatever the West does in the future, it should base its policy on the assumption that China is not only becoming a Great Power, but also one whose inhabitants have much to lose and who will be inspired with a united hatred against any who give any aid and comfort to Chiang Kai-shek, or threaten to restore those foreign influences that are broadly lumped together as Western Imperialism.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Arthur Deakin

ARTHUR DEAKIN was one of those men—the monolithic conflicts of the trade union movement tend to throw them up rather frequently—whose public personality belied in many ways his private one. In public he was heavy of hand, and wore, as though it had been tailored to fit him, the armour of ruthlessness that Ernest Bevin bequeathed to Transport House. But in private life Deakin was an altogether more kindly and lovable figure. To see him on the platform—square, solid, short legs pugnaciously astride, often red in the face with passion—was to carry away the impression of a trade union boss determined not so much to ride the storm as to create it for the pleasure of smashing all opposition. To meet him in private was to find a man of a very different pattern: a friendly, even a gentle man, quick to do anyone a good turn, a man who rarely bore personal malice and who was without individual pretence or private egotism.

An excellent administrator and a brilliant negotiator, tough but patient, he exercised on the General Council of the T.U.C. an influence in many ways greater even than that exercised by Bevin—perhaps because he had no Citrine to match him. It is easy to put this influence down to the size of the trade union forces he commanded and they had, of course, their substantial part in it. But there was much more to his authority than that. It rested no less on character than on numbers. He was not an outstandingly intellectual man, nor even by the usual standards a very clever one; and as a speaker he was without grace or genuine eloquence. He was contemptuous of Parliamentarians, ever ready to think of the Labour Party as an annex of the trade union movement, disloyal and ungrateful when it concerned itself with purposes other than those approved of by the block vote. He had a majority mind. But he had immense courage and integrity, a single-mindedness and force of will that was used devotedly in the interests of those whose servant he thought himself. For his union was his life, and those who criticised it were ignorant or malicious.

His contribution to the strength of trade union organisation was immense. He believed profoundly in negotiation and conciliation; he held that the status achieved by the unions had made strikes out of date, and that once a dispute had gone to arbitration it should be considered obligatory on both sides to accept the award. It can be argued that as leader of a great general workers' union he failed fully to recognise the force of the battle of the skilled worker to maintain a wage differential that is now more and more the centre of the labour struggle. Insisting on the status of trade unionism, he failed to give due weight to the social and economic conflicts that still exist within the industrial structure.

Despite his delight in the exercise of power, Arthur Deakin never forgot his roots. Many men talk of equality. In his personal life, he genuinely believed in it. He was proud to be a Privy Councillor, a C.H. and a C.B.E. because these represented a public recognition of the status of trade unionism. But he refused a knighthood and would have felt it contrary to his deepest Socialist convictions to accept the peerage that could have been his if he had wanted it. Such things seemed to him to perpetuate a social inequality to which all his deepest instincts were opposed. The power he exercised he exercised on behalf of his members, he wanted no privilege that did not derive from them and in which they could not share. He was a man very easy to disagree with, but, if you knew him, one whom it was impossible not to admire.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Election Diary

I READ the two manifestoes through as objectively as I could, assessing, not so much the measure of my agreement, but rather their quality as manifestos. The Labour declaration was, I thought, less flatulent than such documents usually are; it reads like the highest common factor of agreement amongst people who think they might have to carry out their promises. Its appeal is directed to many special social groups, as well as to the mass of usual Labour voters. They range from old-age pensioners to people who mind about the survival of the living theatre. It is explicit about nationalisation; you won't vote Labour if you are in principle opposed to it, but neither will you be put off if you are Lady Megan's sort of Liberal, who, ever since the days before the First World War, has approved nationalisation of monopolistic industries. Next day came the Tory document. It reads mellifluously; a well-educated Butlerite has been told to write an appeal designed to assure all who own property or hope to own it that Conservatism does not mean a return to the bad old days of unemployment when all the comfortable classes had bad consciences, but an agreeable continuation of our present comparative prosperity. From this point of view I thought it not unsuccessful. The document earned an ecstatic welcome from the once radical *News Chronicle*, which said: "It is stirring stuff—a gospel to attract the young and forward-looking." There are Tories, however, who think that an election manifesto ought to say something positive and not to spray the air with the aroma of roses. *The Times*, for instance, said:

> The Conservative manifesto is a wordy and woolly (Lancashire may say cotton-woolly) document. One wonders at whom it is aimed. Thirty-two pages, price 6d., liberally peppered with platitudes, high-sounding phrases, and cautious qualifications, it provides a maximum of rhetoric and a minimum of a programme.

* * *

Now that he has triumphed in the selection conference at Gorton, it is safe to predict that Konni Zilliacus will be back in the next House of Commons. Gorton is a pretty safe Labour division of Manchester, and had been ear-marked for Sir Frank Soskice who, for the second time in ten years, has been left without a seat by the vagaries of re-distribution. But once again, as with Woodrow Wyatt in Birmingham and Edith Summerskill in Fulham, the constituency militants seized the opportunity to vent their dissatisfaction with the orthodox leadership, and poor Sir Frank happened to be the available victim. This was no reflection on Sir Frank personally: there can hardly be a pleasanter colleague or more charming candidate. His crime was to have unswervingly supported the official party line on everything including German rearmament. This probably sealed Sir Frank's fate. The blunt fact is that though some of Zilliacus's views may be too extreme for most local Labour Parties, they much prefer his general attitude to world affairs to that expressed by the Shadow Cabinet, and they are determined to lose no opportunity of strengthening the Left-wing in the parliamentary party. It is quite absurd to blame the local parties, as the *Manchester Guardian* has recently done, for turning down useful ex-Ministers. If an ex-Minister's views on Socialist policy are unacceptable to a constituency, why on earth should they adopt him?

* * *

Having said this, I must add one thing. To turn down a Right-wing ex-Minister who puts himself forward at a Selection Conference is one thing; to try to get rid of a sitting Member of Parliament merely because he or she has done something unpleasing to the constituency party is another. (This issue was, of course, raised, though with many complicating factors, by the fight over Mrs. Braddock's nomination in Liverpool. Transport House has won, but at the cost, it seems, of splitting the Labour vote and possibly losing the seat.) As a generalisation I think it must be said that it is surely ironical for Left-wing local parties, which rightly protested against the intolerance of the proposal to expel Aneurin Bevan, to behave equally intolerantly towards their own Right-wing M.P.s, and treat them as though they were delegates who must carry out the mandate given them or be dismissed. Surely, the only sane and democratic principle is that no M.P. should be ordered either by the parliamentary party or by his constituency party to vote and speak against his convictions. But if this kind of good-natured tolerance is to be nurtured in the Labour Party, the official leadership must set the example. It was the ruthless attempt to smash the Left-wing minority in Parliament which caused the equal and opposite intolerance now being displayed by these local parties.

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The *Daily Express* straw vote like the *News Chronicle's* Gallup poll shows that Labour has leapt up to virtual equality. It seems that the final result depends on how many uncommitted voters actually do vote on polling day. The majority of them say that they now favour Labour rather than the Tories. But before Labour supporters throw their cloth caps in the air, they should remember that so concentrated are Labour's votes in industrial areas, that they need at least a 3 per cent. lead to obtain a small majority. The toughest issue is the hydrogen bomb. The Labour Party has honestly, but rather gratuitously, published a statement giving its approval to the manufacture of the H-bomb. In spite of this, I'm told, people will vote Labour in the belief that they are less likely to be destroyed

if Labour's hand is on the H-bomb trigger. Candidates may fairly emphasise the promise in the Labour manifesto to end future nuclear experiments. Experts assure us that the present amount of radio-activity in the air is not enough to kill us or even to have genetic effects. But no one really knows about this, and I am told that the Tory headquarters are terrified lest the *Daily Mirror* front page, on the day before the poll, displays a baby with four heads (or, more likely, a woman with four bosoms) accompanied by a headline telling you that this is what you will have to expect if you vote Tory.

* * *

I am not surprised that Mr. Butler and Sir Anthony were embarrassed when Herbert Morrison accused them of a "miserable piece of political humbug" in cutting purchase tax on textiles. Had not the Chancellor solemnly explained last Thursday that, in the national interest, he could not conscientiously afford to do more for Lancashire than he had already done in the Budget? It is safer for Ministers, before an election, to avoid Buchmanite phrases about "absolute frankness" and the duty to "reject temptations" to bribe the electorate. After all, the Tories had to do something to anticipate the Labour Party's forthcoming special statement on textile problems, hadn't they? Lancashire is one of the crucial, uncertain areas. Again, more money had to be discovered from somewhere to meet the case of dependents of war casualties after Jim Callaghan had shown that higher Insurance benefits were simply being deducted from war pensions. Like Callaghan, I am wondering what manna will fall from the Treasury if the Gallup Poll should show a Labour lead of five per cent.

* * *

Bouquets and brickbats continue to hurtle into Great Turnstile with every post. After counting more than three thousand completed questionnaires by lunch-time on Tuesday I gave up and turned to picking random samples from the avalanche. A withering blast from Dublin beginning, "Change the type face, change the Editor," was balanced by a simple "I love it all." A reply from Baghdad by Tuesday morning is a noteworthy event in itself. It will clearly be some time before we can satisfy the reader who writes, "I would like to see a *résumé* of the answers to this questionnaire published more than anything I can think of." Meanwhile, my thanks to the good lady whose sole comment is that "'Critic' should be Prime Minister!"

CRITIC

This England

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

A 22-year-old coal lorry driver left the witness box of Leicester City Magistrates' Court to-day to go to wash his hands, after the clerk had asked him if he thought it was respectable to touch the New Testament with black hands.—*Leicester Mercury.* (J. Orford.)

Fashion dictates that there will be more green, pink and blue poodles in the parks this year. For the well-dressed woman is including her pet in her spring colour scheme.

The popular colours this spring are pale green, blue, pink and tan. A dark green costume goes well with a light green dog.—*Daily Herald.* (M. H. Whyte.)

What should people do as they wait for a gap in heavy traffic, so that they can cross the road?

"Pray—ask God to be their Shepherd," Canon F. J. Bartlett, of Westminster Cathedral, told a road safety conference in London yesterday.—*Reynolds News.* (O. H. Pipe.)

A-Wooing

Sir Tony would a-wooing go,
Heigho says Roly,
Whether the Party would wish it or no,
With a Winston, Woolton, Gammans and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

So off he went in his Eden hat,
And on Mousie's door gave a rat-tat-tat.

"Dear Mrs. Mouse, are you within?
Your lilywhite hand I've come to win."

Mousey peeped through a crack in the door,
"I've had fine gentlemen here before,

"I hear you're going from house to house
To offer your heart to the marginal Mouse."

"Please, Mrs. Mouse, come live with me
In my property-owning democracy,

"With a freehold mousehole all new and nice,
And a place in school for the little mice,

"I'll fill your basket, I'll fill your purse
If you'll be mine for better or worse."

"I'll think is over and let you know,
For I've made a date with a Labour beau,

"And he has warned me you'll leave me flat—
You fatten the mice to feed the cat."

"Mistress Mouse, don't believe him pray;
Be mine on the 26th of May."

But while he wooed her with might and main
Her other suitor came down the lane,

Both went down on their bended knees,
Heigho, says Roly!
You can finish the story as you please,
With a Winston, Woolton, Butler, Macmillan,
Salisbury, Eccles, Gammans and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly.

SAGITTARIUS

British Railways Regret . . .

IN 1921, when the slump hit the Yorkshire wool textile industry, a young man from our village decided to emigrate to the United States. His family walked with him from the village, down the hill, to the railway station and stood on the platform—a stolid, silent group, waiting for the guard's whistle. Very likely, son and family would never see each other again; but there was no visible emotion in the parting. The son, upright in the carriage doorway, looked idly over the heads of his family and sucked his teeth. His family contemplated the carriage door and no word was said until the train began to move. Then the father took his pipe from his mouth, waved it slowly towards his son and said: "Well . . . Good afternoon."

In the same fashion, and on the same platform, five days ago, I saw a thousand or more villagers say "Good afternoon" to something they will never see again; for just on midnight last Saturday the passenger train which for 104 years has linked Delph with Oldham began its final journey.

On its first journey, in 1851, and for some years after, the train was pulled from Greenfield, on the main line, along the branch line to Delph and back again by a large white horse, and anyone who missed it at Delph thought nothing of walking along the line to catch it up. Then the horse was supplanted by a steam coach, a contraption which had its boiler and coke firebox where the first compartment should have been; and only a chimney jutting through the roof and a pair of bogey wheels in front showed that it was not just an ordinary carriage. But one day the boiler fell through the floor in the middle of Springhead tunnel and the steam coach was supplanted by the tall-funnelled 0—6—0 tank engine which I knew from the first moment I knew anything.

This engine once brought great tragedy to the village. A small boy who came day after day to meet his father on the homebound train perched himself one evening on a huge bale of wool which had not yet been collected from the platform by the mill alongside. As the train came in the boy began to climb from the bale; but it tilted and slid him to his death under the engine's wheels. This happened long before my time and the memory of it had faded. To me the engine was something which, in those pre-wireless days, brought the latest Yorkshire cricket scores in the Manchester evening papers, a friend that I would sometimes walk along the line to meet and drive back from Dobcross Halt a mile away; and so it remained both through the miseries of going away to school, to work and, finally, to war, and through the delights of coming home again. To me and to many others, it was always the Delph Donkey, in affectionate memory of that white horse.

So I was sad when on Saturday night I stood waiting for the last round trip on the platform at Oldham, Clegg Street, amid bill-boards which still advertised not only the Great Central and the London and North-Western but even the Oldham, Ashton and Guide Bridge—a railway which expired, I should think, before I was born.

Six hundred tickets, on a train that seats at most two hundred, had been sold for this journey, but the stationmaster said that most of them had gone to collectors. Certainly the platform was bare of genuine travellers. But some others soon turned up—two men in top hats and square Edwardian morning coats, three Members of Parliament plus an attending inspector and three constables, and a courting couple for whom Clegg Street's gloom was just about right. Much later the regulars began to arrive, the regulars who manage Saturday after Saturday to get one, and sometimes two, pints after closing time and still catch the last train. "We used to get 200 of 'em regularly on this train," sighed the stationmaster, "but now we're down to sixty or less."

The last train came in, drawn, alas, not by the long-funnelled 0—6—0 I knew, but by some new-fangled 2—6—2 job actually built in 1950 and probably carrying a speedometer. As if the Delph Donkey ever needed a speedometer! Her passengers could tell, by the ti-ti-ti-ti-ta of her wheels on the rail joints whether she was doing her steady 15 miles per hour or had developed her racing speed of 20. But her coaches were the same, with their seats on either side of a passageway down the middle and their windows glazed with steam. We piled in, and by and by Guard Martin Costello—at 66 years old making his own last run with the last run of his own train—blew his whistle. Nothing happened. He blew it again, more loudly; and, at that, five drunks came clattering down the stone staircase shouting anxiously. Every Saturday night these past ten years they had clattered down the stone staircase shouting anxiously lest the last train should go without them; and every Saturday night Guard Costello had blown his whistle and waited. They did not realise that Guard Costello would wait no more until, as they slumped into their seats, one of them said: "Ee, 'eck! What'll us do next Saturday?" His companions were already asleep, and the train began its last run.

It came to Glodwick Road where a handful of people stood against the grimy walls to watch it go but which I remember because of Mr. Phipps. He was the guard of my childhood who looked so dapper in his uniform, amid all the smoke and

dirt, who looked dapper in white flannels on his week's holiday on the Isle of Man, who still looked dapper when one morning at Glodwick Road he swung into his van and logged the train out, but who looked less dapper when at Clegg Street, half a mile later, they lifted him from the floor of his van, stone dead.

On we went to Lees, smokier even than Glodwick Road, because the engine sheds are there, and our engine let out, not the shrill squeak that I used to know, but the long, deep salute of a modern locomotive. This salute almost at once was answered by a thunder of detonators laid by the railwaymen who were waiting to say goodbye. On to Springhead where the moors begin and the air is clearer, through the tunnel to Grasscroft, that Oldham dormitory where the starched collar customers used to alight, and then to Greenfield on the main Lancashire-Yorkshire line.

Greenfield! I remember it because of old George, who lumbered about the platform as a porter for nearly fifty years and, in his last few months of service, after his eyesight had gone, was made a ticket collector because he had always liked the uniform and the company wanted to please him. Thence on to Moorgate, that little halt halfway up the steep hillside and just below the quarry. I remembered how a woman passenger, with her shawl around her head, had stepped off the train there and suddenly rolled on the ground in almost physical agony on hearing that her husband had been crushed beneath a fall of rock. I remembered, too, the signalman who did his signalling only in the intervals of tending the station garden, and I watched for him now holding out the staff without which no driver can swing his train from the main to the single branch line.

At last we were at Delph and there there was a real crowd, more than a thousand in shadow and beneath the gas lights, standing with pipes in mouths and hands in pockets and looking. There, too, was a genuine donkey but the crowd didn't reckon much to that. They reckoned even less to the flashlights of the Manchester newspapers, and the men in top hats who tried to climb over the engine. This was Delph, not Blackpool. At Delph you don't do. You just look. Any road, you doan't make foon. Somebody tried to sing Auld Lang Syne. But that wasn't reet, either. It was only "reet" if you stood, looked, remembered and said nowt except "Sithee, Martin, tha's late, tha knows. Blow tha whistle and be off with thi."

So, at midnight, we were off on really the last run and I sat beside Driver Richards, not in the engine—for there's no turntable at Delph—but in the guard's van from which the driver controls the train by levers. Slowly round the bend we went, with the pale headlamp competing with the paler moon, round the Ashdean bend where I would put a whole week's pocket money, 1d., on the rail for the train to flatten, and under the bridge into Dobcross. "Mind you're not blinded by the Dobcross lights," said Driver Richards as the one gas lamp on the station came into view with a couple sitting under it. "Well Ah'll go to Buxton!" said Driver Richards. "If Ah were courtin' Ah wouldn't do it under th' only light in't place." Guard Costello got out and extinguished the light and on we went through the wooded valley and round the bend where the wheels always scream, on to the main line for Moorgate, where we handed back the staff, and thence to Greenfield where the signalman welcomed us with detonators but did not appear to have lit the signals. Thence on to Grasscroft, as starchily silent now, and soon to be as dead, as the passengers who once used it, and into the Springhead tunnel—"there was a time when I drove 70 trains in a week through here," said Driver Richards. Out again to Springhead itself under the stars—"in 48 hours here last week the ticket office collected 1s. 8d.," said Driver Richards—and on to Lees, where the railwaymen still waited to wave, and their wives kissed Guard Costello goodbye.

Then on to the murk of Glodwick Road, a station dead even before the moment of execution—"they might have put down some bangers," said Driver Richards, adding as an afterthought, "the miserable buggers." So past the lights of Mumps towards the distant lights of Central and Clegg Street, "four stations in one town and all of them miles from anywhere," said Driver Richards. "I remember when them first double-decker buses came, second-hand out of London, our takings at Delph dropped about £400 in the first month. Ramshackle or not, them buses dropped their passengers where they wanted to be dropped. Who'd ever want to be dropped at Glodwick, or Mumps, or Central or Clegg Street unless he was going to his funeral?"

He applied the brake and brought the train steadily to rest at Clegg Street, where the station staff in force was waiting to greet us. "No bangers," said Driver Richards. "Miserable buggers." And then, wiping the brake handle with a rag for the last time, he looked through his window and said: "Well, that's the end of it. They'll regret it some day. Now I must be off. Ta-ta," and climbed from the van. I, too, climbed from the van and watched him progress steadily to the rear of the train where his engine panted for the sidings. I watched him go, I looked at the old carriages, I touched them and I said: "Well . . . Good afternoon!" in the Yorkshire tradition. But, equally in that tradition, I knew that I wanted to cry.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

1745 When Bonnie PRINCE CHARLIE reached Scotland aboard the French Ship LA DOUTELLE he brought with him the recipe of his OWN liqueur. This recipe is the ROMANTIC origin of the aristocrat of liqueurs. DRAMBUIE.

Night Thoughts of an ex-M.P.

THIS week-end we cease to be M.P.s. All of us. Parliament ceases to exist. The whole great constitutional machine lumbers to a standstill while, for three weeks, the electorate makes up its mind whether it can do better out of the next Parliament than it has out of this. Most of the members of the old Parliament—certainly over 500 of them—are sure to be returned to Westminster on the 26th of the month: for them the coming three weeks is no more than a cyclical interruption in a smooth-flowing, chosen career. For the rest, it is the supreme test and the supreme gamble: these will have to fight to utter exhaustion for their cause, for their party and for the personal privilege of calling themselves M.P.s.

I know what they will be feeling—especially on the evening of May 26. Then, in their town halls, surrounded by municipal pomp, they will be watching the counting of the votes. Keenly observed by the press, by their followers and by their enemies, they will force the sparkle of optimism into eyes which are red-rimmed and perhaps near to tears. They will squeeze out encouraging quips in voices harsh with the lacerations of public speech. And they will feel—in so far as sheer fatigue allows them to feel anything—simple fear: the fear that a career is about to be destroyed, that security has gone, that the cause has been betrayed. The fear, in fact, of failure. And for some of them it will be justified. Gradually the pile of their opponent's ballot papers will outgrow their own. Anxiety will give way to the suspicion of certainty, and finally to certainty itself, tolled out in the flat strokes of a town clerk's tongue. These are the men who will not sit in the next Parliament: until the wheel turns again they must adapt themselves as best they can to private life—hindered, if anything, by the slightly absurd label of "failed M.P."

* * *

I shall be doing the same, but without some of their agony. For apart from the two main groups—the safe and the desperate—which form themselves when Parliament is dissolved, there is a third group, a mere handful, who, for one reason and another, do not offer themselves for re-election. In most cases the reason is age or ill health. For a few—disreputable and eccentric, I dare say—the choice is prompted by a miscellany of reasons, some family, some professional, some temperamental, some political (but all entirely personal) which tot up to the decision not to stand. That decision is all that we in this little group of black sheep have in common. That, and a unique understanding of the strains and stresses to which parties and their candidates will be subject in the next three weeks. Despite my own decision to retire from Parliament, I love much of the political life. But elections, no. Frankly, my principal thought at this moment—disreputable or not—is one of thankful relief.

* * *

The "count" after a close-fought election is always the worst part. The returning officer, usually the town clerk or senior local government official in the district, has considerable freedom to make his own rules of procedure. These usually ban, for instance, smoking and what is called "loud conversation": too often they are incomprehensibly irritating and restrictive. Moreover, apart from the counters themselves, the candidates and the election officials, large numbers

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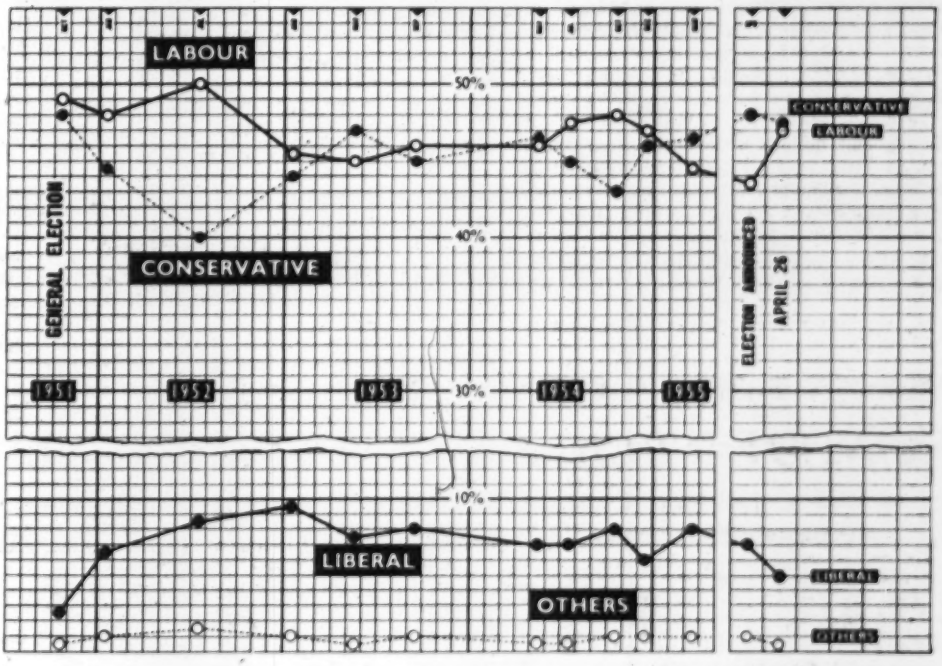

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of eager party stalwarts are present as scrutineers of the count. I dare say they perform an important function in forestalling sharp practice. Certainly their enthusiasm is prompted only by love of their candidate and their party. But their general air of excitement and fierce partisanship adds greatly to the nervous strain of the occasion. I find the whole business so disagreeable (remember, one is ready to drop with fatigue before ever the count begins) that, ever since 1945, I have adopted the outrageous practice of absenting myself from the count and arranging with the returning officer to let me know when the result is ready to be announced.

In 1951 an astonishingly rapid count—it was, in fact, a record—completely caught me out. When the returning officer was ready I was a mile away, lying in a hot bath with a glass of whisky and the *New Yorker*. Subsequently a U.S. broadcasting company, who were making recordings of my campaign, interviewed me on the air. What had I been doing that had made me late for my own election result? I told them. What were my immediate plans, now I knew I had been elected? I said, to go straight back to the house I had just left and have another large whisky and soda. Was I certain, asked the particularly considerate interviewer, hastily switching off his apparatus, that I wanted that remark broadcast? No American Congressman would dare to admit, on such an occasion, that he had recourse to hard liquor. I said, to hell with all Congressmen—and the broadcast, I suppose, was duly made. At any rate, I had a letter a few days later from a friend in the Middle West congratulating me on my re-election, which he had heard from my own mouth over the radio.

"Have you no regrets?" they keep on asking me. Of course I have. The reasons for deciding to leave Parliament, at least for the present, have stood up pretty well to the three years of constant handling I have given them. But "*no* regrets"—that would be absurd. There are people I shall miss intensely. For the daily companions of the past ten years are bound, with very few exceptions, to change into distant friends. And I have had a good many personal pangs about that, as I have said farewells—tentative, rather unreal and impermanent ones, perhaps—during the last week or two. But the real wrench is a different one. It is the feeling that, after ten years of being at the centre of things and in the know, one becomes, overnight, an outsider—a mere member of the public, dependent on the newspapers (or, at best, on the charitable crumbs that fall from the conversation of one's friends) for the inside gossip which has hitherto belonged by right. If the Commons is the best (and most seductive) club in the world, it is not because of its execrable eating and drinking arrangements, not because of its physical accommodation, most of which is inconvenient and uncomfortable, but because of the community of interest in power and responsibility which pervades it, which is shared by all its members, and which makes it, outside the formalities of the debating chamber, the very best of talking shops.

* * *

All that I shall miss. Yet this nostalgia for "being in the swim," which I guess is common to all public men, contains its own insidious corruption. Finding so much of life and politics reflected in the microcosmic world inside the Palace of Westminster, too many M.P.s cease to look outside. They pursue one another with the vapid intensity of goldfish. And after a time, starved of contact with the outside world, they begin to grow like one another and to live a life which they have in common with nobody but themselves. I have in my mind this week-end a disenchanted vision of parliamentary man at his worst; at 45 he is bald, pallid and ulcerated; arrogant, narrow-minded and periphrastic. And worse—he is complacent about it all. If he understands at all that he has deteriorated, he claims that he has sacrificed himself to his cause. That is true in a few cases; but more often he has sacrificed himself to the sheer self-indulgence of being a public man.

* * *

And now, three weeks of ritual battle and then another Parliament. Back will troop the safe 500 to resume their well-ordered careers. Back will limp the smaller contingent of those who have survived marginal fights. And nervously but proudly, flushed with victory and agog for what the future holds, the newcomers will stride, for the first time, past the policemen in Parliament Square. Some of them will be young Socialists, the sharp edge of whose idealism has never yet been tested on the silken cushion of Parliament. They will certainly find some of the rewards and prizes to which they look forward. They will live through great occasions. Very occasionally, they will hear great oratory. If they are lucky—and brave—they may be called upon to bear great responsibilities. But they will not understand, when they assemble on June 7, how intense is the personal challenge that they are going to face; how difficult they may find it, as time goes by, to convince themselves that decisions of real moment are any longer taken in Parliament, or that the best club in the world is the most suitable battleground for the class war.

JOHN FREEMAN

Toleration

TOLERATION in England, at least as an article of belief, owes its continuity now to the vigilance and humanity of Parliament and the Courts. Instead of being the gold thread in the Common Law it now runs through the Statutes, disappearing in great emergencies as it has always done, but always afterwards reappearing, slightly though insufficiently strengthened against the greater shocks to come. The most conventional of us can be proud of our neighbours' right not only to look different (perhaps the most tenuous and delicate of the rights) but also to harbour and even to express different thoughts and to stand out, for reasons of moral conviction, against commonly accepted social duties.

There are three loosely related products of this principle of toleration that are unlikely to thrive without continuous attention: namely, the provisions in the National Service Acts for conscientious objection, the problem of official recognition for eccentric religious sects like "Jehovah's Witnesses," and the attitude of the police and the magistrates to ministers of the spiritualist church whose promises about the hereafter, by getting too closely associated with the offertory and too homely in expression, dive to the status of fortune telling and "vagrancy." I have recently come across stories that illustrate the dangers besetting all three.

Watching an Appeals Tribunal dealing with young men to whom exemption from military service had been locally refused, I realised afresh the gulf that separates the intention of Parliament from the executive machinery, the will from the deed. It is as unbridgeable as the chasm between the young and usually rather simple men trying to state their objections and the old and puzzled men on the Bench who may or may not be trying to understand them. State their objections? They can only tell the Appeals Tribunal what they have unsuccessfully told the local one; it is a prejudiced re-trial in the unavoidable sense that it is known to have been at least pre-judged. Few of them have any idea how to do it. Few of those I saw, as appellants in person, would have made a good impression on me; and those who had solicitors, parents, or friends to speak for them could easily have been thought to lack the courage of their convictions, in a place and a context where eloquence and rhetoric can so easily be identified with sincerity.

There were two Jehovah's Witnesses, a Christadelphian, an Elim Four-Square Gospeller, a schoolmaster whose objection to war was non-religious but "humanitarian," and one eloquent young man, the present chairman of the Labour League of Youth, who based his objection on the belief that "every individual must make the maximum effort to wake the world to the emergency which is upon it . . . to bring about a new type of world diplomacy that is based on peace, not war. I shall not allow myself," this statement concluded, "to become another pawn in an outmoded policy which has led in the past, and will always lead in the future, to war."

All the appeals were dismissed except that of the Elim Four-Square Gospeller, who was registered as a conscientious objector "on condition that he undertakes land, forestry, or hospital work." It was impossible to see why the others were dismissed; no reasons were given, and it did not appear that the Tribunal had any undisclosed information. I learn that very few Jehovah's Witnesses get exemption. Why is this? There is no "directive" about them from the Ministry of Labour and National Service—or if there is and it is kept dark such a meddling is

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hopelessly improper. It may be significant that, in a recent test case that occupied the Edinburgh Court of Session for a fortnight, the Minister opposed the contention of a Jehovah's Witness that his church is a religious denomination for the purposes of the Act. The Minister's case was that the sect was too young yet for official recognition, that it kept on changing its beliefs, and that its services were not conducted reverently. Lord Strachan decided that it was a religious denomination; but he had also to decide whether the appellant was a "minister," and thus exempted automatically under the First Schedule of the National Service Act; and in view of the fact that ten per cent. of a Jehovah's Witnesses congregation may be "ministers" (and can have been ministers since they were fifteen) Lord Strachan had little difficulty in deciding that the appellant was not the kind of minister contemplated by the Act.

It is satisfactory at least that the Ministry of Labour will no longer be put to the necessity of maintaining that a church with more than half a million completely dedicated members is not a religious denomination. In some of the conscription countries—France is an example—every Jehovah's Witness of military age is in prison. In Greece they are quite likely to be shot. But any satisfaction we may feel, in this country, that we have "made proper provision for the conchie" should be subjected to the test of a day's listening to a tribunal at work. The one I heard included a trade union ancient who glowered at each appellant with the vacant intensity which, in very old people, can be mistaken for sceptical concentration. He addressed to the Labour League of Youth man a long and angry diatribe extolling the great Labour leaders ("Look at Ernest Bevin, the whitest man that ever lived") who have supported wars. This adjudicator, having added that he would be proud to fight if he wasn't over eighty, then apologised to the chairman and subsided.

The Minister finds it difficult to get people to serve in this capacity, and it is indeed a job that must be onerous, embarrassing, boring, and at times exasperating. They show no relish for it. They evolve an empirical method of questioning (the trade union patriarch asked each Jehovah's Witness: "When was *you* immersed?"), and an *ad hoc* procedure with a quasi-judicial appearance. But to me at all events they seem a long way from the picture suggested to the mind by the carefully tolerant provisions of sections 17 and 18 of the National Service Act, 1948.

Toleration has lately found another Parliamentary voice in the Fraudulent Mediums Act, 1951. This was designed to put an end to a different aspect of religious persecution—the punishment of spiritualistic mediums under the Witchcraft Act, 1735, and under the "fortune-telling" provisions of the Vagrancy Act, 1824. The preposterous 1735 Act was repealed outright, and so was section 4 of the Vagrancy Act "so far as it extends to persons purporting to act as spiritualistic mediums or to exercise any powers of telepathy, clairvoyance, or other similar powers, or to persons who in purporting so to act or to exercise such powers use fraudulent devices."

Spiritualists seemed justified in assuming that their fight for toleration, which had lasted about a century, was won. The separation of the genuine spiritualist church from the fairly numerous charlatans exploiting popular credulity for money seemed at last to have legal sanction. But a recent case at Salford throws a cold doubt on this. A man named Norman England, who had been for seventeen years the minister of Salford Spiritualist Church, was fined a total sum of £75 under the Vagrancy Act for pretending to tell fortunes, and his assistant, Ann Worsley, £30 for aiding and abetting him.

This particular case was watched by the Spiritualist Council for Common Action on behalf of all the spiritualist churches and unions. Two policewomen had attended a "psychometry service" at the church (a member church of the Greater World Spiritualist League), where there was some hymn-singing, a short address by Mr. England, including a little divination from articles of personal property handed to him by people in the congregation, and a charge of ninepence. For another five shillings you could go into a small room with him and have a pschometry reading for your money.

I do not know whether Mr. Norman England has been rightly discovered, after all these years, to be a charlatan and a fraud; but his case makes it clear enough, again, that the intention of Parliament can only be fulfilled in the Courts at the cost of eternal vigilance. The Vagrancy Act provision, with its risk of summary arrest without warrant and its denial of the right to trial by jury, was thought to be decently dead, so far as it could ever again be applied to a spiritualist, or to someone pretending to be a spiritualist (as to which, a Magistrate is not necessarily the most fitted of persons to decide). Yet here it is in use again, as though Parliament had never spoken.

To anyone familiar with the long and wearisome process of law-making, it is a depressing fact that the Executive and the Courts can completely nullify valuable changes in the Statutes by the simple expedient of ignoring them, or can partially nullify concessions to minority rights by the application of perfunctory standards of judgment. Toleration, in a word, has its watch-dogs; but they may go to sleep if you take your eyes off them.

C. H. ROLPH

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Maggots and Potatoes

MOST years we end the winter with at least one stack of hay over. But this Spring there wasn't a wisp left. The Galloways were finding nothing to eat in the hundred acres or so of rough, sandy ground between the house and the sea. The calves were beginning to come, and their mothers needed food to keep up their milk. The last of the turnips had gone, and the dairy cows had had the last stalks of kale. The only grass that was coming on was the young hay sown last year under a nurse-crop of oats. But one can't put a crowd of hungry beasts on to that.

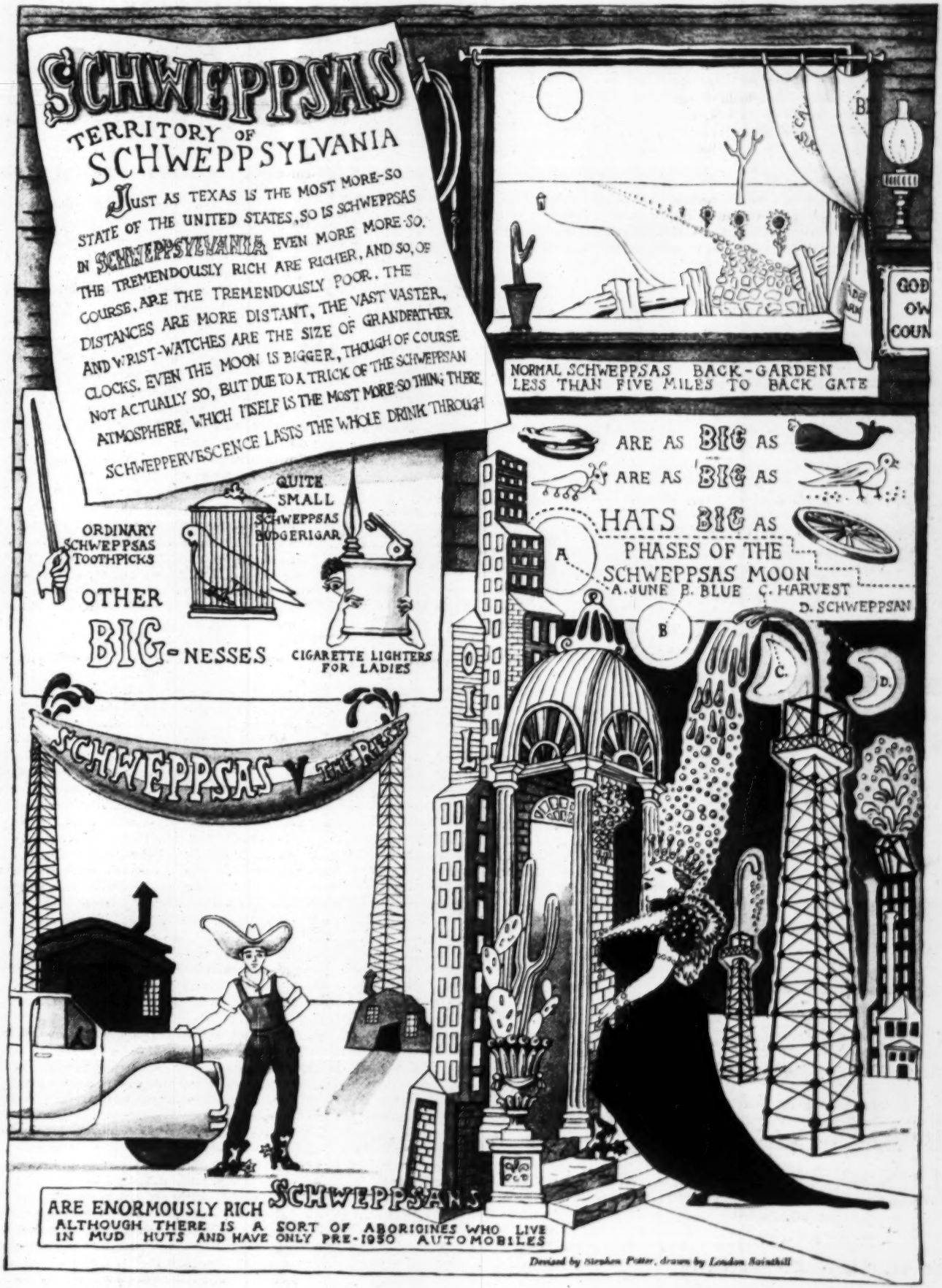
Some years we have the "early bite" by mid-March, the first young grass that puts cream into the milk. But now, ever since the snow melted, we have had dry, cold east winds and sharp night frosts which have killed off the young shrubs in my garden which normally stand the winter, clianthus and embothrium, veronicas, the tender olearias, and even the hypericums. The flower buds are nipped on the early rhodies, including the nobleanum which was coming into scarlet flower at New Year. The only creatures that benefit from this are the bees, which usually die in crowds about now, probably through taking poisonous honey from the heavily blooming rhododendron barbatum. They have had a lovely time with the peach blossom in the old, unheated glass houses, though I have gone round pollinating with a rabbit's foot on the end of a stick, just in case the bees were being stupid.

Our ley field of oats is sown, my neighbour Duncan lending his sower. I have sown this field with my own seed, keeping the bought oats to sow as a nurse crop over the hay grass in the third year of my rotation. It is an extra early oat, and if I can get it off a fortnight sooner it will give a better chance to the grass below. Our early and second early potatoes are in too.

My old horse Jo no longer has to strain himself opening and closing potato drills, though it was wonderful how well he knew just where to tread. Now I have a Ferguson tractor, and I have borrowed a three-bladed drill plough from yet another neighbour. It works beautifully, and with great power. Tomorrow I am borrowing the big grubber from the Forestry Commission—who haven't yet got me a new wire rope for my winch to replace the one they broke last year. In the evening Lachlan is taking the discs up the Glen to Dunkie, who won't risk driving down all the way on his tractor which he has just got and which he still finds rather scaring! At present I have the newest potato digger in the Glen, and it goes the rounds in October, but fairly soon it will be my turn to get some other implement to go into the pool.

I wonder if this general borrowing is the beginning of a formal co-operative or whether it works better as it is? The great thing is that, the present way, we've all got to be on good terms with one another or the thing won't work. But it is certainly the only way for small farmers to get the benefit of these ingenious and efficient modern farm implements.

We have all had postcards from the Ministry about dressing the cattle against warble fly. The dairy cows were done at once, but our suppliers ran out of stuff, there was such a rush on it. We are a T.T. area here, and obviously bovine tuberculosis will soon be a thing of the past. Most of us are in the scheme for inoculation against brucella—contagious abortion—and get our queys done during their second year at a nominal rate.


SCHWEPPSAS
TERRITORY OF
SCHWEPPSYLVANIA
JUST AS TEXAS IS THE MOST MORE-SO STATE OF THE UNITED STATES, SO IS SCHWEPPSAS IN SCHWEPPSYLVANIA EVEN MORE MORE-SO. THE TREMENDOUSLY RICH ARE RICHER, AND SO, OF COURSE, ARE THE TREMENDOUSLY POOR. THE DISTANCES ARE MORE DISTANT, THE VAST VASTER, AND WRIST-WATCHES ARE THE SIZE OF GRANDFATHER CLOCKS. EVEN THE MOON IS BIGGER, THOUGH OF COURSE NOT ACTUALLY SO, BUT DUE TO A TRICK OF THE SCHWEPPSAN ATMOSPHERE, WHICH ITSELF IS THE MOST MORE-SO THING THERE.
SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH
NORMAL SCHWEPPSAS BACK-GARDEN
LESS THAN FIVE MILES TO BACK GATE
ARE AS BIG AS
ARE AS BIG AS
HATS BIG AS
PHASES OF THE SCHWEPPSAS MOON
A. JUNE B. BLUE C. HARVEST D. SCHWEPPSAN
QUITE SMALL SCHWEPPSAS BUDGERIGAR
ORDINARY SCHWEPPSAS TOOTHPICKS
OTHER BIG-NESSES
CIGARETTE LIGHTERS FOR LADIES
SCHWEPPSAS V THE PRESS
OIL
ARE ENORMOUSLY RICH SCHWEPPSANS
ALTHOUGH THERE IS A SORT OF ABORIGINES WHO LIVE IN MUD HUTS AND HAVE ONLY PRE-1950 AUTOMOBILES
Devised by Stephen Potter, drawn by London Rainthill

If warble fly can be knocked out too, we shall have done a great deal towards healthy cattle, though it seems probable that milking by machine is not the best for mastitis.

The derris powder came at last, and we drove the Galloways into their shelter and then into the narrow wooden passage way we have made which is so handy for all the many unpleasant things we have to do to cattle, inoculating, testing and marking their ears being the least nasty. Then we soaked their backs with the derris dressing. The maggots of the warble fly make great lumps on each side of the spine. These open, and if one presses with one's thumbs, out hop the enormous maggots on which one puts a foot. The dressing is to kill them before they come out so that they never turn into horrible warble flies. Some of the young beasts were badly affected, with twenty or thirty swellings, which, I must say, they didn't seem to mind. But the old cows never had so many. Perhaps they are a bit tough for the flies to get through. Lachlan and I stood on the rail and soused them all with the stuff and rubbed it in. But it will have to be done again in a month.

It gave me a chance of seeing how they had stood the winter—always rather difficult to tell with these Galloways who dress themselves in black hearth rugs. They had a good bit of flesh on them, but it is difficult to tell with the old girls who have lost their figure, whether they are in calf or not. So far I have six calves out of eleven possible mothers, but only two are queys. It is probably not worth my while rearing bull calves. They have to be very specially looked after, though if one of these turns out really well, I might try again. But if one is going to prepare a bull, one has to give him quite a lot of artificial feeding over his first winter after weaning, and unless one is fairly sure he is going to pass the inspectors at the end of it, the thing is doubtfully worth while. I rather prefer the duns; it seems to me that they are even slightly heavier and better doing. But they never make such good prices. At the last sale I put in two in-calf heifers; the black made £60-odd, but the dun, which I thought was the better of the two, only £37. But perhaps duns will come back into fashion.

The young Ayrshire quey stirks run with the Galloways in winter when the bull is not with them; they develop very thick coats too. Catherine and Coronation both look like good beasts. I use A.I. entirely for the Ayrshires, but it would be a brave man who did it to these wild Galloways. I bought a very large bull, middle-aged as bulls go, at the Castle Douglas sale in November; he is low slung and short legged, and my feeling was that my beasts were getting a bit long in the leg. On the other hand I have really no reason to suppose that a short-legged bull will pass on this characteristic to his progeny. So here am I, brought up as a geneticist, behaving in practice like any old farmer from the back of beyond. But, as so little genuine knowledge exists about the inheritance of cattle characteristics, I suppose there is nothing else I can do. The bull has a long pedigree and his progenitors seem to have come from respectable farms. Also, he is a nice, well mannered bull, who takes his cabbage leaf like an old Etonian.

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ARTHUR BARKER

Socialism on Sunday

ONE day my mother, who was reading in front of the fire, slammed the pages of her library book together and sat for a while tapping her foot against the fender, white with anger. When she felt able to speak again, she opened the book. It was a Bulldog Drummond by Sapper. "Listen to this," she said, and read out a description of a furtive meeting in a dark cellar, or it may have been a garret. Some squalid conspirators were being briefed by a Russian who, as far as I remember after the years, had crooked yellow fangs and a beard. I apologise to Sapper if I cannot remember the exact words, but he was describing how the children of Britain were to be corrupted to Bolshevism through the Socialist Sunday Schools.

My mother's anger lasted only a minute. Then she laughed. But for days on my way to school I tried hard to imagine the earnest kindly folk who ran the Socialist Sunday School in Great Horton, good social democrats, trade unionists and railwaymen and wool-warehousemen, as the tools of a Sapper villain. There was Mr. Hunt, a small dark man who proudly owned a certificate showing foundation membership of the I.L.P. Mr. Hunt, (I now know that he was Charlie Hunt, but he was Mister to me then) also owned brass lungs and a big brass bell. At every election, municipal or general, we would see our Mr. Hunt belling in the streets, announcing meetings, calling laggards to the poll. He was a great bellman and a great man. He belled for Fred Willie Jowett and he belled for Norman Angel, and every Sunday he read out the Precepts and the Declaration of the Socialist Sunday School, which we learned by heart and which I can still repeat.

"We desire to be just and loving to all our fellow men and women, to work together as brothers and sisters, to be kind to every living creature and so help to form a New Society, with Justice as its foundation and Love as its law."

Sometimes I feel tempted to recite it to the Parliamentary Labour Party. Some of the Precepts—there were ten of them, the Socialist ten commandments—could bear repeating at times.

"Do not hate or speak evil of anyone. Do not be revengeful but stand up for your rights and resist oppression."

"Remember that all the good things of the earth are produced by labour. Whoever enjoys them without working for them is stealing the bread of the workers."

"Make every day holy by good and useful deeds and kindly actions."

Although the Precepts were numbered as the ten commandments, there was nothing blasphemous about them. Many of the children attended the Congregational Sunday School in the morning and the Socialist Sunday School in the afternoon—an incidental advantage being that in this way they were entitled to two Sunday School treats every summer. We used to recite the Precepts, standing in our cream and green meeting room which had previously been part of a municipal slipper baths. The gas fires would pop in accompaniment to the piano played by Miss Graham when we sang our Socialist songs. "Oh beautiful my country," "England Arise," "The Golden City," "Jerusalem." Then there would be a lesson culled from an episode in trade union history, or from the struggles of the Chartists, the Rochdale Pioneers or even John Ball. We were taught that we were the workers by hand and brain and, although we might go to heaven when we died, we had every right to inherit the earth while we lived.

I can remember most of my teachers. One of them was Victor Feather, then a rather gangling young man who once produced a Socialist concert party and is now the Assistant Secretary of the T.U.C. Another was Mr. Tumber, an official of a printing union who used to chide us when we sucked our Sunday sweets. "Now children," he would say, "this is my sweet." And he would pull out a stubby pipe. "But if I can manage without it while I tell you about the Tolpuddle Martyrs you can put your gob stoppers away. Wrap 'em up in a clean bit of your handkerchief."

He was a great favourite, always going off to give his little talks at one of the other five schools in Bradford, or at a school in Leeds of Keighley or Huddersfield or Halifax after a morning of draughty bus or train rides. We too used to visit these schools for anniversary services, rallies and harvest festivals, where the emphasis again was less upon the divine source of the fruits of the earth and more upon the labour which had produced them. We had concerts and naming ceremonies, which took the place of or were complementary to the orthodox church christening. We were a community and we seemed to enjoy each other's company.

Today there is not a single Socialist Sunday School in Bradford. There are perhaps two in the West Riding, one somewhere in London and perhaps some linger on in Scotland. They did something to two or three generations of Young Socialists, as we were called. I have no idea how much the lessons we learned then colour our thinking today. But it is surprising how often one meets other, now older, Young Socialists—in a miners' lodge in Durham, over a beer after a meeting in Willesden, even surprisingly in a brownstone house in Long Island, N.Y. Scattered about the world are many people who, if one starts the tenth Precept, "Look forward to the day when all men and women will be free citizens of one fatherland . . .", can turn inwards and from memory complete it ". . . and live together as brothers and sisters in peace and righteousness."

WILFRED FIENBURGH

The Nylon Academy

"To be frank, cultivated people are no fonder of art than the Philistines, but they like to get thrills," wrote Clive Bell in 1914. This is now so obviously true that the very word Philistine has become curiously old-fashioned; the distinction it suggests no longer seems valid—the more so because we now realise that the Philistines also like thrills, only of a different type. There is little real difference between the intrigued Managerial wife at the Royal Academy saying, "Just look at that beautiful material," and the intrigued girl in jeans at the I.C.A. saying, "These textures are absolutely the most revolutionary I have ever seen in life."

But at the same time this should not lead one to the conclusion that the Academy is as likely as any other institution to become a centre of serious art. Modern work may filter in. I say "modern," for that is the conventional distinction used at Burlington House. In fact it is a meaningless term because the influences behind the more serious works are often less "modern" than the watered-down impressionism of the more "traditional" academicians. Nevertheless these "modern" or serious works are usually hung together and presented in a spirit of concession to the times, and this year there are two whole rooms of them. There is an excellent nude by Max Chapman, a fine snowscape by David Holt, and a large pale picture of rooftops in Venice by Derrick Greaves which is almost impossible to see because of what surrounds it, but is well worth remembering to hang somewhere else. Also, scattered among the other nine hundred pictures there are occasional works of art: some Gilbert and Stanley Spencers, some Robert Buhlers, some Carol Weights, some Ruskin Spears, including a good portrait of Neville Wallis and a superb one of *Henry Arnold, Esq.*

"Well, dear, I don't know much about Art, but I do know what I like."

But—and this is the point—it is not for the few dozen self-respecting paintings that the sales at the Academy are higher than at any comparable exhibition—over £16,000 worth on the first day; nor is it for them that the Royal Academy continues to be one of the Social Occasions of the year, its opening speeches broadcast, and its reviews filling columns in the popular press. The Academy will only change its essential character as our culture as a whole changes. Its standards are bound to run parallel, for instance, to those of Television. Consequently, what is significant about the Academy is not its lack of art, but the type of thrill which it offers. If every picture tells a story, the Royal Academy records a history. Because visual images are more direct and often more ingenuous than literary ones, the Summer Exhibition reveals, year by year, the taste, the mythology of our middle and upper classes more vividly than any other public institution or display. If I wanted to show a foreigner the established heart of England, I would take him to Burlington House.

What makes this heart beat is, I believe, changing. Naturally many of the pictures on show might have been exhibited at any time during the last twenty years. There are still the traditional family jokes—a painting, for example, of a monkey sitting on a pile of books which is called *The Seat of Learning*. Yet since the war a new trend has become more and more obvious. The most typical and fashionable pictures no longer illustrate the respectability of the domestic virtues, or the dignified responsibility of the white man's burden, but the values of publicity glamour. Previously Academic painting tried to express moral principles in terms of superficial appearances. Now superficial appearances are becoming all-important for their own sake. The ultimate standard is beginning to be "attraction" regardless of any other issue.

All bad painting is sentimental. But when one compares present academic painting with Victorian or Soviet art one sees the different nature of their sentimentality. The worst of Victorian painting sentimentalised spiritual yearning; the worst of Soviet painting sentimentalises the achievements of labour; we, at our worst, sentimentalise cheese-cake. A virgin, a Stakhanovite, a mannequin—these are the different heroines.

Schoolgirls in the garden are now painted in the same spirit as their elder sisters whom we see in more sophisticated circumstances—*Françoise se lève*. The wives of notable men smile reassuringly at us, as though at themselves in their dressing table mirrors after they have put the last touch to their make-up. Nothing sums up this new spirit more aptly than the *Nylon Petticoat*, a large canvas in the entrance gallery. In a room furnished like an Espresso bar with hygienic rays of sunlight coming in through the window, a nude girl is putting on a transparent slip. What makes it—and similar works—almost pornographic is its destruction of all intimacy and its lack of all passion. It is, as it were, a Susannah and the Elders in which the Elders are all fashion magazine photographers and Susannah knows it only too well.

The Academy confirms other signs that the expensive window dressing of sex is the new hallmark of social distinction—the equivalent of a dowry. Whereas fifty years ago the desirable young woman would have been depicted invitingly pure in the rose garden, and thirty years ago aggressively fast sitting on the edge of a table, she is now shown passively, elegantly and shamelessly having her bodice pinned up at a couturiers. The acclaim given Annigoni's portrait of the Queen reveals how deeply this new mythology has been accepted. It is a badly composed, weakly drawn, grubbily painted picture, totally lacking in grandeur. But it has glamour. It is the nearest that, with respect, we can get to a Royal pin-up.

In the male portraits one finds the masculine equivalent of the same quality. The directors and executives fold their hands on their desks and smile like the men in shaving lotion advertisements—white handkerchiefs always in their breast pockets for their crocodile tears. Even Nehru is made to look like a slick Palladium hypnotist. It is always difficult to distinguish between the effect of an artist's ideals on his technique and *vice versa*, but it is certainly true that the current form of technical academic incompetence exaggerates this general smoothness. The more the drawing of a head relies on contemporary academic *clichés*, the more it looks as though it has been coddled or lifted out of all character. By contrast the few good portraits, which I have already mentioned, seem, whoever their sitter may be, proletarian and raw.

"He also dabbles in politics, you know."

Painting is as difficult a human activity as any. Achieving the smallest effect—rendering, for instance, the greenness of grass, depends upon the most complicated observation and handling. Consequently, all serious painting when properly observed appears either incredibly difficult or simply miraculous. The final condemnation of academic painting today is that it looks easy. It sets out to persuade as easily, as casually as thoughtlessly as the salesman's patter. It is often claimed that a prosperous commercial society automatically produces its own democracy. The half truth of that claim and the price paid for that half truth is demonstrated by the fact that the Royal Academy and the advertising hoardings are beginning to share exactly the same culture.

JOHN BERGER

The Arts and Entertainment

The Two Henrys

THE Old Vic have again made a distinct hit, bringing off a splendid double with their *Henry IV*, Parts I and II—forbidding title, as we remember it from school days, but hiding, in fact, beneath its dryness, treasures of pure delight. You should try to see these plays one after the other and, equally important, take in (or re-read) before them *Richard II*. For the political thread comes much more excitingly alive if we have ringing in our memory the echoes of that deposition, of the Bishop of Carlisle's denunciation and that moment when the fallen Richard turns upon Northumberland and prophesies his future. For it is at the point where that prophecy is fulfilled that the Henrys begin. Bolingbroke in his turn finds rebels about him: Northumberland and his Percy are up in arms, and for full pleasure we need to feel the historical irony, to hear the ageing Bolingbroke invoking the very terms of fealty which so short a time before were invoked against him, and to hear on the rebels' lips the same pleas of justification that lately were so glib on his own.

Not that the history is in any case in the least dry. It is the special triumph of the dramatist in these plays (contemporary novelists and playwrights please copy) to humanise the history without any sacrifice of its heraldic quality. Bolingbroke is no less the King's Majesty for being an aggrieved father, Hotspur no less a great peer of the outer realm for being an impatient, hot-tempered young man, and the pomp of state and power are brought all the more sharply into relief for overlapping the teeming life of the pot-house. And how rich a pageant of English life unfolds before us in the result. When the plays are adequately realised we come away feeling that we have mingled in a panorama of life as it was then lived in all its variety, vitality and crudity. And in the current Old Vic production the plays are quite excellently realised; not a scene throughout the two evenings fails to give up its essence whether of character, humour or drama, and hardly one character fails to make itself felt.

For this success we owe a great deal, obviously, to Mr. Douglas Seale, the director, who the other year, it may be remembered, brought his company from Birmingham to discover for us the pleasures of the three parts of *Henry VI*. Mr. Seale has many attributes as a producer, and it may seem (but is not meant to be) grudging to emphasise the least spectacular of them. First, his productions are simple and direct and, while comparatively and mercifully static within each individual scene—so that the scene can make its own effect for itself—they are driven with a brilliant sense of narrative speed over all; and secondly, as I remember remarking about his Birmingham production, he is content to cut his coat according to the cloth provided. Whereas in the *Richard II* this company seemed to be always falling short of the demands made on them, here it is just the opposite. They fill out what is asked of them so that one comes away wholly satisfied by the performances. Perhaps these two plays, too, do in fact make less extreme demands simply because, with their constant shift of scene, they ask less from particular actors. There are many largish parts rather than a few dominating ones, and the company seems to have fallen particularly happily into the casting.

To chronicle all the good and excellent performances would be tedious, but one or two must be distinguished. Mr. Paul Rogers makes a great success of a not quite outsize Falstaff. As a comedian Mr. Rogers delivers almost everything over "to the voice, to the tongue" and "excellent wit" comes out of it. For Falstaff is a man who loves words for the wit in them, and Mr. Rogers concentrates his best endeavours on bringing that out. Mr. Robert Hardy's Prince Hal is a fine piece of romantic acting in which grace is crossed with sensitivity and both make up an acceptable whole; he is well accompanied by Michael Bates's Poins. Mr. Eric Porter's King has that peevish undertone of the sick man which comes in very tellingly in his last hours and, though it might have been better to build up to this rather than start with it, this is a well-judged and controlled performance. Mr. John Neville's Hotspur has a blazing edge on it; is this young actor really a character actor at heart—his double with Pistol suggests he may be. Mr. Paul Daneman provides a brilliantly funny Shallow and Miss Rachel Roberts a racy and raucous Mistress Quickly. The difficult scenes are all excellently staged: the low life comes over as really low, giving off a reek of sweat and drink and lechery, and the fights are particularly well managed and convincing. As one example of Mr. Seale's patient and imaginative treatment of the text notice how he takes up Morton's description of the fight between Harry and Percy in Part II:

> But there mine eyes saw him in bloody state
> Rending faint quittance, wearied and outbreathed

and uses this hint for a wonderfully effective treatment of the fight itself at the end of Part I when, after what must have been a long running encounter, the two come in so "out" that they can hardly hack at one another. And both plays are filled out with revealing and lively inventions of this kind. My only reservation is over Miss Cruddas's decor, which is not I think one of her best. Two of the costumes—and important ones—make the actors actively ridiculous, and the permanent set is not a very happy construction—it forces Mr. Seale, for instance, to stage that intimate scene of the King's death high on a platform at the very back of the stage and thus halves its effectiveness.

T. C. WORSLEY

An International Season?

SHOULD there, or not, be a return to some form of International Summer Season at Covent Garden; and if so, what kind should it be? Orthodox British opinion will promptly reply that the only tolerable form of imported opera is the kind that is imported lock, stock and barrel. Let a German, or French, or Italian company, they will say, come over for two or three weeks *en bloc*, and we shall be delighted to receive them; what we must never again do is to assemble "stars" (that dreaded word) from various quarters, and attempt to combine them in a production, together with our own chorus, orchestra, subsidiary roles and scenery. That way, it would seem, perdition lies.

In this simple solution of a complex question there are several disadvantages. First, it would greatly restrict the number of occasions on which the best foreign singers could be heard at all. The cost of transporting an entire opera company has become so vast that it can hardly be contemplated without official support from the parent country. Moreover, in importing an opera company, we are largely at the mercy of the director's whim in the choice of operas and singers. When the Scala company came to England in 1950, there was a tremendous preliminary tussle before they could be prevented from including *La Bohème* in their repertory. French companies are tiresomely reluctant to do *Pelléas et Mélisande*, tiresomely anxious to let us hear the latest triviality, whether *Angélique* or *Les Mamelles de Tirésias*. A touring German company can seldom see beyond the standard Mozart, Wagner and Strauss repertory—though last autumn's Munich season boldly included late Strauss. In general, such a policy is unlikely to broaden our operatic experience, still less likely to produce outstanding casts in the better-known operas. Opera is increasingly popular, and there is an increasing dearth of good singers; consequently these are spread very thinly through the opera houses of the world, and the best are frequently on the move. Such casts as we heard last autumn in the Festival Hall are by no means representative of the Vienna State Opera on its home ground; these were festival casts, quite as much so as those that are assembled for the Salzburg Festival. We had better face the fact that the standard of solo singing in most imported companies will be exceedingly variable.

Very well then, say the orthodox; if that is so, let us abjure foreign opera altogether and concentrate on the most important task, which is to build up our own English company. Certainly that is the urgent and vital aim which Rafael Kubelik, the new director, will have before him; and it is fair to claim that in some respects we have made a creditable advance during the last eight years: witness the thoroughly professional productions of two such difficult novelties as *Troilus and Cressida* and *The Midsummer Marriage*. But in other departments, especially in the performance of Italian opera, we are still weak; nor are we likely to improve the more rapidly by isolating ourselves from the best that is to be heard in this field. Isolation is not too strong a word. Covent Garden has not heard Jussi Björling, the best operatic tenor of the day, since before the war; we have not heard Victoria de los Angeles since her great success in *Madame Butterfly*; we have not heard Maria Callas since the Coronation; we have never heard Richard Tucker or Zinka Milanov or Eleanor Steber or Robert Merrill or Leonard Warren at all. This summer, after the gap of 1954, a tentative step has been taken to end our isolation. Besides the everlasting *Ring* we are promised a well cast *Tosca* (Tebaldi, Tagliavini, Gobbi) and an *Aida* which appears rather less distinguished on paper. At least it makes a beginning.

If I am told (as I often am) that it is mere star worship to want to hear the best singers of the day in their most important roles, I remain quite impenitent. No one levels such absurd accusations against the man who wants to hear Bruno Walter in Mahler and Mozart, or Edwin Fischer in Bach, or Kempff in Beethoven, or Kirkpatrick in Scarlatti, or Oistrakh in Tchaikovsky, or Casals (if only he would consent to visit us) in anything he might choose to play. Why, then, is it proper to feel admiration, and even reverence, for certain conductors and instrumentalists, but merely frivolous to be equally interested in singers of equivalent rank? Partly, perhaps, because the best contemporary singers are *not* of equivalent rank: there are really no singers today who have such technical, temperamental and interpretative mastery as these conductors and players have—or had in their prime. But the mere shortage of truly first-rate singers makes it all the more urgent that we should hear the best that *are* to be heard. Maria Callas is not, for example, a Norma who would have cut much ice in the days of Lilli Lehmann; her singing would have been deemed unpardonably rough; nevertheless, she is a fascinating artist who has just enough technique and tone to support a thrilling intellectual and dramatic conception of the role; she has revealed to us the pathos and nobility of this old opera, and for that we should be grateful to her.

The operatic repertory consists of a limited number of bread-and-butter operas which never fail, like *Carmen* and *Tosca*; a larger and indeterminate group which will succeed for a time in special circumstances; and a great many works—sometimes of the highest interest musically—which can be staged only when a truly adequate cast (or often a particular performer) happens to be available. In the second group we find such works as *Katya Kabanova*, *Les Troyens* and *Pelléas*; in the third group all those bel canto operas of the early nineteenth century in which Mme Callas excels. The list of such operas which she has not only revived, but revived with

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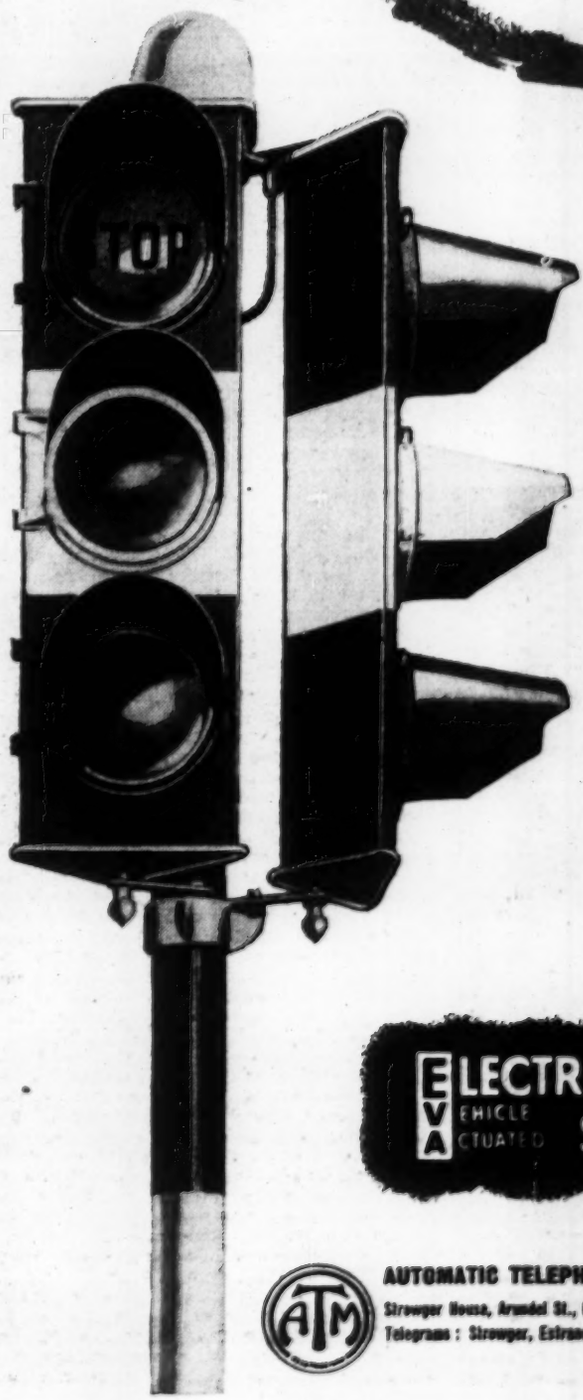

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startling success, is already formidable; it includes *I Puritani*, Rossini's *Turco in Italia* and above all Cherubini's *Medea*, besides such more regular Italian fare as *Lucia di Lammermoor* and (her latest and greatest triumph) *La Sonnambula*. We must frankly realise that only the presence of a Callas will allow us to hear these operas at all. That such æsthetic enjoyments should come our way from time to time is surely very desirable. After all, we are not a little Balkan town, eternally doomed to perform *Rigoletto* in Serbo-Croat; we are London, a proud and historic city, accustomed for centuries to see and hear all that is best in the international world of art.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

TV and the Repertory Movement

IT was good to see the Birmingham Repertory Company on television the other evening in *You Never Can Tell*. Company and play were there to illustrate the subject—the repertory movement—discussed in the latest programme in the *Stage by Stage* series. The choice of company was obviously sound and, having been made, the play, or rather the authorship of the play, followed almost automatically. The discussion itself struck me as ragged and as curiously indeterminate: I suspect that five people in such a programme were two too many and that the time at their disposal—fifteen minutes—was much too short. It is easy to sentimentalise about the repertory movement and to exaggerate its artistic value. Its importance is obvious, and its real importance is that it manages to exist at all. I must say I would have preferred something rather more critical and also more factual. Miss Margaret Leighton, an "old girl" of Birmingham Rep., reminisced agreeably; but Sir Barry Jackson was also in the programme, and I could have wished he had been drawn out more and induced to tell us something of the history of his theatre, its struggles and achievements, and particularly something of the history of its economics. One wanted, and didn't get, the repertory movement set in a context, the whole complicated context of the theatre as a whole and of local patriotisms and cultures. Too much was taken for granted in the discussion.

But two nights later we had the play. It remains for me enchanting; fifty years ago, Desmond MacCarthy noted that "its peculiar wit and high spirits communicate to the spectator's mind a kind of dancing freedom," and that seems to me still true. It is not, however, an easy play to act. After watching the TV production, I turned to MacCarthy's notices in his *Shaw*, to find that the faults I had picked out in the acting were much the same as struck him when he saw the production at the Court Theatre in 1905. I thought the most successful player was Mr. Redmond Phillips as William the waiter, but then, as MacCarthy observed, "How delightful is William the waiter!"

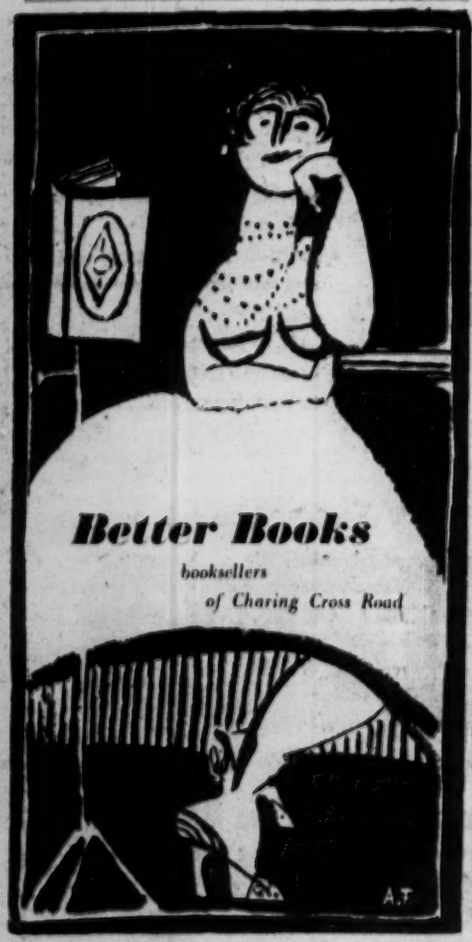
What especially interested me, though, was the effect of television on the play and the players. We were not, I think, helped by the presence of an audience in the theatre, however much it may have helped the actors. They were naturally playing to it; but an audience in a theatre is very different from the isolated groups clustered in thousands of sitting rooms which make up a television audience. I have no doubt the theatre audience had the best of it. They could take in the whole of the action at any given moment at a glance. The TV audience must concentrate on the actual images on its screen, on what is being said by the figures actually in the picture. This means that the tempo of the production for television will always tend to be slower than that of the stage production. For television purposes the Birmingham Repertory Company's production went at altogether too breathless a pace.

Perhaps this is no more than to say that plays for television are better done from studios than from theatres. In a way I think the producer, Mr. Julian Amyes, was not taking his television audience seriously enough, and this led him to be less than kind to his actors. Television cameras are great destroyers of illusion. I have no doubt that even from the front row of the stalls the make-up of the actors in this production was quite acceptable. Watching the play on the screen, one repeatedly and disconcertingly saw through the disguises, as it were, to the faces of young men unconvincingly pretending to be old.

It was, all the same, a most agreeable evening. The effect of TV on the living theatre was one of the points touched in the *Stage by Stage* discussion. Much of the comment from interested parties on this problem seems to me to be in the nature of whistling to keep one's courage up in the dark. But I suspect that the provincial repertory theatres are going to be helped by television in the most sordid and practical way. The I.T.A. envisages the existence within the next two or three years of a whole chain of local television stations throughout the country. Much of their material will, of course, come from the networks, but much will be local in origin. I imagine that wherever there is a provincial 'rep' its services will be in demand by commercial television. Television, in other words, will become a source of revenue besides box-office takings, Arts Council grants and subsidies from local authorities.

I have been rebuked, very properly, for implying in a recent article that television is still unobtainable by half the population. A moment of aberration. I was writing on TV as a medium which will continue to be a novelty for many people for some years to come: what I should have said was that even now only about half the population have TV, whereas almost everyone possesses a wireless set. That is one fact. There is another more important. According to the B.B.C.'s latest figures, the regular nightly audience for television is now slightly larger than those for all three sound services combined. The conclusion seems inescapable: we need an alternative B.B.C. television service as soon as possible. We have, I suggest, now reached the point where we have too much sound broadcasting. There seems no very good reason any longer why, outside the hours of schools broadcasting, Home and Light should maintain separate existences during mornings and afternoons. And if, as is commonly assumed, it is the Light that mainly suffers when people go over to TV, there is probably already a case for curtailing its hours of transmission.

WILLIAM SALTER



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"Run for Cover," at the Gaumont
"The Gold Rush," at the National Film Theatre

"Fire in the Blood" is the very inadequate English title of *La Rage au Corps*, but then the film itself is inadequate. Its hackneyed theme—the prostitute married—is described as "delicate and difficult." Certainly M. Ralph Habib manages not to be indelicate; but where is the difficulty? This particular girl (Françoise Arnoul) is oversexed, and so—an old film trick—she is put among 200 men or so, engaged in dam-building in the Pyrenees. Loud throb the engines, vast are the cataracts: Nature itself is male. Clara, running a canteen, seems happy enough to slip out at nights round the huts; but then she must fall in love, marry, come to Paris, and undergo the wiles of their close neighbour, a pimp. "La rage au corps" gets the better of her, she shoots herself, but lives, alas, to impart to us her whole story, and then with a visit to the psychiatrist she's suddenly all right. The operating table of a hospital provides the slick framework to this conventional "X" romance.

The film doesn't fail through poor performance: the three principals—and especially Philippe Lemaire as the pimp—act brilliantly, if not altogether engaging our sympathies. The camera has caught a superficial realism, and only the aura of "unpleasantness" distracts from a feeble plot. The whole thing, in fact, was not too difficult but only too easy; and a sort of glossy earnestness spoils what is, for all its defects, a more lifelike drama than most of its kind.

Run For Cover shows us Mr. James Cagney on the side of law and order—with a sheriff's badge, in fact. He seems, if a shade wise-headed, his old game self. Strangest are his love interests, his *rage au corps*. These appear at first to be engaged by a good-looking boy (reminding him of a dead son) and a good-looking girl, impartially. Then the chap lets him down, and goes really bad, and the firm Cagney shoulder-clasp and the twinkling gaze are transferred to the girl, and all ends as it should—if, one may feel, only just. I must confess to liking Mr. Cagney through all misadventures, which include here a good many wounds suffered or attended on.

The National Film Theatre has devised a Homage to United Artists, a series of programmes devoted to the four founders: Chaplin, Griffith, Mary Pickford, and Douglas Fairbanks. The first programme, running at the beginnings of weeks throughout May, shows glimpses of all four. Chaplin's 1921 visit to England is followed by *The Gold Rush*. This is the new version issued by Chaplin during the war, with text written and spoken by himself. I still think the original was better, though the patronising tones about the "little fellow" don't perhaps grate as much as they did. The mime itself remains indestructible. That hut in the snows houses some of the best comedy Chaplin ever invented: the gale through the two doors, the prowls round, the intruding bear, the meal of stewed boot, the chicken dream—these have the economy of genius. Then falling in love, and in another key—but still in a hut—the famous evening of the dance of rolls: this is, no question, the most perfectly achieved of all Chaplin pirouettes. Back to the original hut, and to developments of fun and panic in which the elements grow Chaplinesque.

The whole film has a tautness of humour and scene which perhaps he was never to excel: a strange reality, too; one does come away from that snowy "somewhere in nowhere" feeling one's been there.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Paintings by Carl Fredrik Hill, at the Arts Council, St. James's Square

Hill, a Swedish painter (1849-1911), is well known in his own country but hardly at all abroad. As a young man he worked in France, and then in 1880 he went mad. Before his madness he painted landscapes influenced by Corot and Courbet, yet with a firm personality of their own; afterwards he produced drawings in ink and coloured chalks, belonging to that huge underworld of intense incoherent images with which we have become so fashionably familiar. In this exhibition there are twelve sane landscapes and 60 mad drawings: a proportion to my mind quite wrong. It is time we began to respect the struggle which those who are actually afflicted put up *against* their own madness. Also, the landscapes which are shown make one want to see many more. "In Art," Hill wrote, "everything depends on infinite work. Strictly speaking, art is a handicraft. However deeply, however poetically I react to my subject—and this is of first and utmost necessity—I cannot represent these reactions without a perfect technique." Because Hill worked according to this belief, his landscapes have an extraordinary limpidity. The blossom of his fruit tree, built up of pink, pale green and gentle purple marks, retains all the freshness of its first delighting shock; his calmly composed *The Tree and The River Bend* has been made by art (look at the colour changes from the rim to the centre of the splodge of the silhouette tree) as sharp, clear and yet liquid as the perfectly recorded cry of a blackbird; his clouds could be flown through. A minor master.

J. B.

Correspondence

A SOCIALIST MANIFESTO

SIR,—The article in your last issue finds general satisfaction in the renationalisation of steel and road haulage together with the extension of public ownership of parts of the chemicals and machine tools industries. No reference is made however to the inclusion in the manifesto of the plan to "encourage schemes of industrial democracy." If, after May 26, we are to begin "the second stage of the Socialist transformation which was begun in 1945", the implementation of schemes giving workers and technicians control in nationalised industries needs high priority.

Following your article on Lord Citrine, one of your correspondents wrote in the issue of March 19 on the lack of enthusiasm for joint consultation in the electricity supply industry. Participation as an employee in the negotiating machinery of two nationalised industries has taught me that no scheme is likely to succeed, however grandiose, when the people who sit on the "other side" do not share the ideal of public ownership. My own experience has been that to nearly all management representatives the object of joint consultation is to give management an opportunity of telling its employees what it intends to do.

The decision to amalgamate the Merseyside and North West divisions of the Central Electricity Authority is a case in point. The National Joint Advisory Council was told that it had been decided to merge the two divisions. They were not asked for their views nor were they given an opportunity to discuss the project with their constituents and then make their observations. Now, after twelve months, many employees both in Liverpool and Manchester know nothing definite about their future positions in the establishment of the new organisation. I venture to suggest that there are many private employers who have a far more enlightened outlook than this in their human relations.

By the present organisation power has been given to individuals to establish empires around themselves which are not subject to any measure of democratic control. With the return of another Labour Government there is at least the hope that the manual workers, the clerks, administrators and technicians will be given an opportunity to elect from amongst themselves those who will make the decisions which are at present "the functions of management."

FRANK HATTON

50 Merston Drive, East Didsbury,
Manchester, 20.

SOUTH AFRICAN JUDGES

SIR,—The letter in your issue of April 16 from the Director of Information at South Africa House is extremely disingenuous. But as a South African I welcome the opportunity to explain the packing of the Appeal Court. Mr. Justice Hall may have been born in an English vicarage, but he actively supported the Nationalists before he was put on the Bench, and none but avowed Nationalists at the Bar in Cape Town would defend his elevation on other grounds.

The attitude to racial questions of Mr. Justice De Beer can be inferred from his conduct and comments during the Witzieshoek riots case, and that of Mr. Justice Henrich de Villiers from his comment (mentioned in your journal last year) when an Indian girl of eleven was raped by an elderly Afrikaner ("Indian girls marry young, anyway").

Including Mr. Justice Steyn, who was promoted in January last, the Strijdom Government has selected six judges for promotion to the Court of Appeal. Regardless of their English or Afrikaner ancestry, these six have been selected because the Government believes that they will reverse the trend of legal decisions that have angered the apostles of *apartheid*.

Eighty per cent. of all South African barristers recognise this but dare not say so for fear of being charged with contempt of court, nor will any newspaper say so openly. But the packing of the Court has been publicly attacked by Mr. Justice Fischer, a retired judge, who was a Hertzog Nationalist before he reached the Bench.

The Chief Justice has let it be known that he has never asked for any enlargement of his court, which is not in arrears with its work. Perhaps the Director of Information at South Africa House will explain to your readers why the court is to be increased from five to eleven. He might quote the true answer, which was given by Dr. Donges, Q.C., a Cabinet Minister, when he said in a speech in 1953 that "we will be forced to appoint judges whose views correspond with our own."

LAWYER

MENTAL DEFICIENCY

SIR,—May I, as the mother of a mentally defective child of five years, comment on Kenneth Robinson's irritated protest? I know very well that the situation is a great deal more complicated than the simple retention of mental defectives in institutions for the sake of cheap labour. That mental defectives can happily and most usefully work has been demonstrated time and time again; but they do need the special condition of a secure and sheltered and friendly atmosphere to work in. It is not just a matter of working inside an institution or outside one, it is a matter of providing the conditions to enable mentally defective persons to work in the community. In Denmark, where a more intelligent and enterprising spirit prevails, such conditions *have* been created, with such success that it is very rarely that a mental defective is confined to an institution.

The plain fact is, that in the light of modern knowledge, putting away mentally defective persons into institutions, except in the few cases where a psychotic disturbance also exists, is so out of date that I have no doubt that future generations will regard us as barbarians for doing so.

I wonder if Mr. Robinson has any idea of the amount of misery caused by the lack of training facilities which he so lightly acknowledges? It very often happens that children who might otherwise have remained at home are sent into institutions because there are no facilities for them in their district. I know of one district where the most a mother can hope for is to send her child to an occupation centre once a fortnight! For the rest, she is left to cope with a problem which no other section of the community is called upon to shoulder, alone.

And supposing one decides it is better after all to give one's child the sheltered life of an institution? There is only one hospital in the whole country which caters specifically for mentally defective children. It is situated in a poor and rather sordid district in South London, and is composed of corrugated iron huts which were built as temporary structures after the First World War. These huts house 600 children, nearly double the number they were intended for even by 1918 standards, and there is about a two-year waiting list. The staff carry out the heroic task of training and caring for these children, of all grades, under conditions and for remuneration which would horrify any trade unionist. One newspaper man who visited the hospital broke down and wept and afterwards described it as "a monument of the indifference of the community to these children."

Apparently the only suggestion which the Chairman of the Mental Health Committee of the Association of Hospital Management Committees could make to the Royal Commission about this state of affairs, was euthanasia. Like Kenneth Robinson, I shall be interested to hear what the Royal Commission has to say. I can only fervently hope the Commission is composed of rather more imaginative and courageous people than those who have so far looked at this problem.

ANNE BENNETT

Cambridge.

D. H. LAWRENCE

SIR,—Mr. Muggeridge's intemperance ("ranting, whining and sheer idiocy" is his representative parting shot) is matched only by his impertinence. His dislike of D. H. Lawrence the man is his own affair, though one suspects him of creating the peculiar creature he describes from the most illiberal passages of that "higher gossip" about Lawrence which constitutes, so often, a smog-barrier between the books themselves and the unguarded reader. What

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THAMES T&H **HUDSON**

must be objected to is the pretence that this sort of stuff, supplemented by the three hoariest of anti-Lawrence chestnuts ("salvation through fornication," snobbery and an affinity with Nazism) constitutes anything like a serious reassessment. These last three accusations, to any one reading of Lawrence and his critics has been rather less cursory than Mr. Muggeridge's, will seem rather *vieux jeu*; he doesn't, it seems, even take the trouble to invent his own inaccuracies.

But perhaps this isn't quite fair to Mr. Muggeridge, who does commit himself to the, to me, startling proposition that Lawrence employs "stage" dialect. And there is something original in his little sermon about avoiding the "class war." How, one would like to know, does Mr. Muggeridge contrive to avoid it? Perhaps he doesn't—it would be interesting to learn which side the Editor of *Punch* considers himself to be on.

To those for whom Lawrence is a great novelist, and perhaps the greatest writer of the century, Mr. Muggeridge's sustained irrelevance will come as no surprise, but the pervasive tone of his observations invests his reference to Lawrence's "insistent ego" with a certain crude irony. Mr. Muggeridge would do well to learn, to quote Mrs. Lawrence's words on a similar occasion, "a little intelligent respect for his betters."

S. W. DAWSON

University College of Swansea.

SIR,—Mr. Muggeridge is the cuckoo bird of the contemporary scene. His habit is to occupy a nest, which some other bird has carefully constructed, and use it as a base from which to attack other nests in the vicinity. When they appear sufficiently damaged, he wrecks his temporary home, and moves on to another district. His range is fairly wide, for he is an intelligent bird, and his time is his own because he is sterile. His balance is not steady for his right wing is abnormally large. Usually he attempts to conceal this, but when agitated, his wing droops, and he can be seen, in consequence, running in a circle.

The way he swoops on Lawrence is characteristic. "It seemed abundantly clear that Lawrence's great talent started deteriorating almost as soon as he began to write. . . ." Well, it isn't abundantly clear to a number of critics, including Dr. F. R. Leavis, who, two weeks ago, described Lawrence as "the greatest writer of the twentieth century." Still, it was an interesting assertion and I waited for Mr. Muggeridge to substantiate it. Instead he devotes the rest of his article to telling us that Lawrence was snobbish, silly, quarrelled with his friends and entertained fatuous projects. Is this repetition of common knowledge meant to serve as an explanation? Does he mean that the second half of *Sons and Lovers* and all Lawrence's subsequent work was ruined by these failings? If this is the case, a drastic reassessment of Dickens, Tolstoy and a hundred others is urgently required. But it is abundantly clear that there is not going to be much left that is worth reading.

If Mr. Muggeridge doesn't mean this, what does he mean? It is true that he meditated, with his robust sensitivity, on Lawrence's sexual potency and implied, in his reference to Mrs. Luhan, that Lawrence didn't practise what he preached, but, surely, there has been an odd writer, here and there, who has failed to do that and yet has managed to write one or two readable books?

As for the allusions to the class war, Mr. Attlee's old school, the characteristics of politicians and so on—that's Mr. Muggeridge letting his wing droop. There were many moments when Lawrence was a bird of bright plumage.

DONALD R. S. DEY

GOOD SCOUTS?

SIR,—Our attention has been called to a letter from Mr. Edward Robinson, of Stourport-on-Severn, which appeared in your issue of April 16.

I should like to make it clear that the Boy Scouts Association is entirely non-political. Our Rule 13 on this subject reads as follows:—

> The Boy Scouts Association is not connected with any political body. Members of the Movement, in uniform, or acting as representatives of the Movement, must not take part in political meetings or activities.

The particular case to which Mr. Robinson refers has now been fully investigated by us. We are satisfied that the fact that Scouts participated in any way was due to a local misunderstanding, and we have an assurance from those concerned that the position is now entirely clear to them.

The General Secretary of the Girl Guides Association has asked me to say that the Guides' position in respect of the incident at Stourport-on-Severn is similar to our own, and that their policy with regard to politics is identical with that of the Scouts.

A. W. HURLL

Chief Executive Commissioner

The Boy Scouts Association,
25 Buckingham Palace Road,
London, S.W.1.

CHRIST AND CAESAR

SIR,—In Luke XX, 19-26, the Chief Priests and Scribes send spies to catch Jesus in his talk. These Chief Priests were Sadducees, and if your correspondent, W. A. Wordsworth, pronounces me guilty "of either carelessness or deliberate sophistry" in making this elementary statement, how can I cure his ignorance? He also calls me tendentious and unsober, meaning that he does not like the historical approach to a sacred problem; but is evidently not equipped himself to argue the case in detail, because he retreats behind "the researches of sober and patient scholars" and asks me to meditate on Ezekiel XXXVII, 11-13.

I do not, of course, expect to be thanked by Mr. Wordsworth, for deducing from internal and external evidence that Jesus was more religious-hearted, more law-abiding, more courageous, more consistent and keener-witted than the Pauline editors of the gospels allowed; Christians still pay tribute to Cæsar, and seldom examine the blasphemous superscription on the coin. But I should dearly like to know why I should meditate on Ezekiel XXXVII, 11-13, even though my surname occurs in it four times. The passage cited ends inconclusively on a comma and is addressed to Jews only; I have the misfortune to be one of the unredeemed *goyim*.

ROBERT GRAVES

Palma de Mallorca, Spain.

VELASQUEZ

SIR,—What Professor Gowing has to say is invariably interesting. But his views on Velasquez, in your issue of April 9, are difficult to understand.

He apparently believes that, compared with the works produced after his court appointment—at the age of 23—the early paintings contain more vitality, more humanism, more of the painter's true personality; and that they are in every way more real. Gowing suggests that the court *milieu*, though assisting in the liberation of Velasquez' talents, infected him with discretion and "aristocratic disdain." He even says—about the most damaging thing one can say of an artist—that his work is that of "an artist with time on his hands." But he concedes that there was one final resurgence of his real powers in that "great, sad masterpiece," *Las Meninas*; and argues, rather oddly, that he could not have achieved more.

This view of Velasquez seems altogether perverse. With few exceptions, his youthful works are somewhat heavy and stiff; certainly, they do not display the freedom, insight and magical powers of the middle, and especially the late works. How can the court paintings be said to lack realism or feeling for humanity? Whatever Professor Gowing means by real, the royal portraits show obvious signs of being true to life. It is never possible to doubt that here is a real, unique individual. They all show, too, a fundamental respect for individual personality—an important ingredient, at least of humanism. Aristocratic disdain and lack of vitality may be observable in some of the personalities depicted. But this is scarcely the fault of Velasquez; one does not, after all, expect a royal portrait to be quite the same as a painting of a charwoman. Are the beautiful and tender portraits of the Infanta Marguerita and Prince Philip Prosper really no more than decorative patterns of lilac and powdery blue?

If Thoré's estimate, "*Le peintre le plus peintre qui fut jamais*" was intended as a reference to his technical proficiency, the remark is of no interest, since most of the great painters were masters of technique. The quality—the brilliance and beauty—of Velasquez' paint itself is unmistakable; it is possibly this to which he was referring.

What of the other works painted by Velasquez during his court appointment—the magnificent portraits of Juan de Pareja, of the Lady with the Fan, or of Pope Innocent X? Does Professor Gowing seriously consider that none of these is a great work of art? If so, one can merely gasp.

53 Frognal, J. L. NICHOLSON
N.W.3.

DEATH BY SLOW MURDER

SIR,—I have no wish to intervene in your correspondence on Arab-Israel relations, but Mr. Sahlool in your issue of April 23, sees fit, in an aside, to refer to Greece as a "weak and corrupt country." That is a most improper and offensive remark to make, and Mr. Sahlool should really not try to buttress his arguments by untrue statements about other countries.

S. L. HOURMOUZIOS,
Press Counsellor

Royal Greek Embassy,
London.

FILM v. MUSIC

SIR,—The special film performance of "Don Giovanni" was an irritating and disappointing experience. Mr. Desmond Shawe-Taylor has described the excessive volume of tone which to one listener appeared also as coarse, and which made for general monotony. Whether the bright acoustics of the Festival Hall contributed to the defect, I am not qualified to say. The worst feature was the distraction from listening to the music: the emphasis on close-ups; the recurrent switch in singling out one and then another singer who took part in concerted numbers; the act of vandalism whereby the playing of the Overture was relegated to the background while the story of the first act was foisted upon the listener.

Mr. Desmond Shawe-Taylor makes the excellent suggestion that experts should make drastic improvements; but even then the questions will remain whether film, with its technique based largely on restlessness and distortions, and music, which has different aims and values, can be linked up without damage to each other. Compromise is one of the malaises of our time; can we not save music and specially Mozart, from also becoming one of its victims?

ROBERT MAYER

DREYFUS

SIR,—While thanking Mr. Taylor for his review of my book *The Dreyfus Case: a Re-assessment* in your issue of April 23, he must allow me to protest against the charge of being perverse with intent. I do not, as he alleges, defend the "Establishment." I explain it. Nor am I the author of "the smart idea" of inventing the terms Dreyfusist and Dreyfusard: they have existed for many years, and the "idea" was put forward as early as 1907 by Joseph Reinach, Dreyfus's earliest and most consistent defender. Mr. Taylor clearly likes blacks and whites, heroes and scoundrels. This may be good journalism. It may even be good morals. But it is not good history.

GUY CHAPMAN

Savile Club.

THE PINK

SIR,—Can any reader lend me a copy of *The Pink*, July, 1888, which contains, I believe, Annie Besant's description of the condition of the London match-girls and the reasons for their strike? Neither the Bodleian nor the Cambridge University Library possesses a copy and the London School of Economics has lost its copy.

M. F. LLOYD PRICHARD

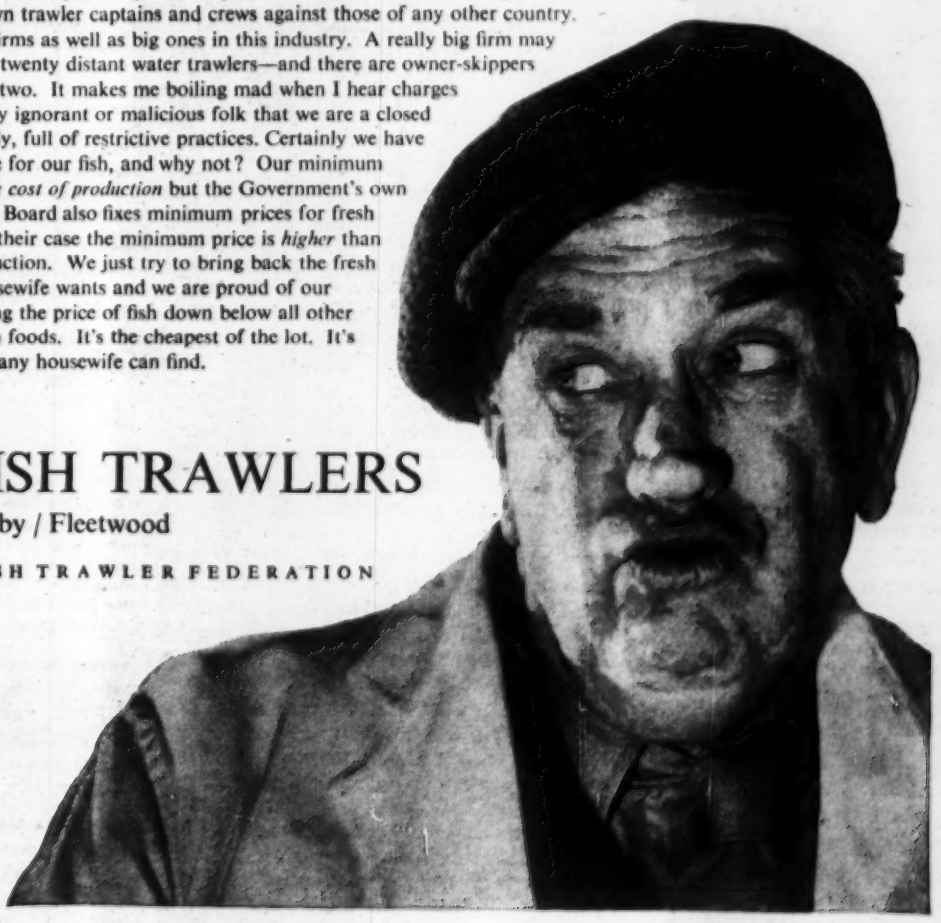
2 Clare Road, Newnham,
Cambridge.

Restrictive Practices in Fish...*Nonsense!*

Anyone who tells you that Britain's Distant Water trawling industry is a monopoly is talking through his hat. Pure, undiluted bunk! Anyone can buy a trawler and go fishing—if he's got the cash (but remember, it's a dangerous and risky business). YOU, anyone, can buy fish from any ship at the dockside tomorrow. You'll have to get up early though, because the public auction starts around 7.30 in the morning.

Restrictions or bans on foreign landings are nonsense, too. Did you know that any foreign trawler, except an Icelander, can and does land her catch in any British fishing port? But it's virtually impossible to land our fish at foreign ports. Believe me, plenty of foreigners are landing fish in England now—Danish, Faroese, Dutch, Belgian, German and Norwegian. Last year foreigners landed 1½ million cwts. of fish at our three big ports for £5,880,835—nearly one third of the value of the total landed by our own Distant Water Fleet. Why no Icelanders? Well, that's another story as the mermaid said to the sailor. We are not frightened of competition. High quality foreign fish sold at competitive prices keeps us on our toes. We are ready to back the skill and daring of our own trawler captains and crews against those of any other country.

You find small firms as well as big ones in this industry. A really big firm may own as many as twenty distant water trawlers—and there are owner-skippers with just one or two. It makes me boiling mad when I hear charges bandied about by ignorant or malicious folk that we are a closed shop, a monopoly, full of restrictive practices. Certainly we have a minimum price for our fish, and why not? Our minimum price is *below the cost of production* but the Government's own Herring Industry Board also fixes minimum prices for fresh Herrings and in their case the minimum price is *higher* than the cost of production. We just try to bring back the fresh fish that the housewife wants and we are proud of our record for keeping the price of fish down below all other first-class protein foods. It's the cheapest of the lot. It's the best bargain any housewife can find.



BRITISH TRAWLERS

Hull / Grimsby / Fleetwood

THE BRITISH TRAWLER FEDERATION

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The New Illyria

Mr. Torgny Sommelius* is a Swede and a traveller who does not let his right hand know what his left is doing. Affecting to be on the way to India he found himself stuck in Yugoslavia. He came down out of the rain, snow and plenty of Trieste into the sunshine and penury of the Dalmatian police State and found himself plagued by a divided mind. If it does not paralyse that is an excellent mind to travel with. The foreign traveller from the free countries has an awkward time in the closed societies. He is set upon by officials who, loud with certainty, bonhomie and disclaimers, load him with bushels of pamphlets and propaganda; people come up whispering to him in doorways or parks, to tell him stories of terror and tyranny; how to distinguish between the *agent provocateur* and the true victim? How to resist the infection of suspicion? What is he to make of the mass of people who do not care anyway what regime they live under? And what of those friendships he makes, friendships that depend on the understanding that politics are too embarrassing or too dangerous to discuss? These situations are now the commonplace of travel and Mr. Sommelius gave up trying to resolve them. In Yugoslavia he fell under an enchantment. He has written a sharp, nervous book of the impressionist kind because he is too honest to say, as many journalists do, that he is the kind of man who wants to write "the truth" about Yugoslavia. He writes out of feeling and not out of causes and their statistics; he is sympathetic because he is detached and perceives that here one more country is living out its heroic age and its myth. In two minds about right and wrong, he turns to look at the way in which ordinary life goes on. He sits in cafés and offices, visits the ruins, evokes Diocletian, lazes by the sea and makes his flesh creep by a journey down the Danube, scraping the banks that divide East from West, under the hostile and unreliable eyes of the Rumanian sentries. He includes Cardinal Stepinac and the official bureaux in his collection of curiosities. To the end he remains a traveller, not a "truth" teller; an egoist, not an exponent:

> And so I lit lamps in a room still dark. I did it planlessly. At one moment I would busy myself with the problems of collective farming; next day I stood in the Roman graveyard of Solin, where life has cut its inscriptions of mortality on the tombs. I tried also to push my way in Yugoslavian folk music, into the history and the traditions of the people. I wanted to meet people and to know they lived. But I wanted to live, as well; to feel, to be a human being among the rest.

Teased by duty and pleasure, he was in Zagreb when he ought to have been in Belgrade; and in Belgrade when he wanted to be back in Dubrovnik. Love, regret, good-bye: he has temperament and is true to it.

One has met Mr. Sommelius in Scandinavian writing before. With some vanity he cultivates the tradition of "the eternal wanderer": we live only as we move on. Modern political and religious doctrines, and modern conditions too, are powerfully opposed to this idea, so that to be able to cultivate aimlessness is considered suspect or complacent. Yet, as Mr. Sommelius shows, his anarchism is a practicable alternative to the order now imposed on us and is, incidentally, a mode of sympathy. Boxed up in our Easts and Wests, our closed and open societies, our official "ways of life," we are incapable of exchanging anything more exhilarating than tactful comments and inane messages of good will. Mr. Sommelius was impervious to conversion or certainty either in Sweden or Yugoslavia; the result is that he made friends in ministries, cafés, farms, and even in the palaces of the state Authors' Societies. He did not know whether he liked Titoism or not; he did not know whether the Yugoslavs did either; but he did go back to Sweden and find that he suffered there from claustrophobia and was puzzled by the paradox that the Yugoslavs who were not free seemed freer than the Swedes who were. His dilemma was that of many travellers who find civilisations crudely in the making or downright primitive, more vivid and alive than those that have perfected their ways; and the reader will find that the descriptions of the book are interspersed with terse and mysterious emotional telegrams which the author is sending to himself:

> Let us despise those who cannot travel simply for the sake of moving from one place to another. The souvenir-hunters, for instance, and the specialists in church architecture. Above all, those who try to convert sublime experience into something of inferior quality: words. Worse still, those who try to coin words into silver.

Or:

> He lives closest to life and death who is poised between consciousness and unconsciousness. His journey alone is hallowed who understands its importance and unimportance.

Utterances like these sound profound when one writes them after a couple of drinks at the café table, as the oxcarts, the peasants and the town bus go by; afterwards they look pretentious and silly. They are a sign, however, that one's feelings were moved and one's ego stirred up. For travel this is desirable.

So he elbowed his way on to the mountain buses and went by steamer through the Dalmatian archipelago, exhilarated by the winter sun, freezing at night. He caught a louse, he argued with bad painters and good writers. He listened to the fishermen singing. He heard the life stories of dead millionaires and ruined families. He was embarrassed by being better off than most people. At Split, the Adriatic light was merciless to poverty: it was like the paralysing poverty of Naples. Shoeblacks and the ragged lay like heaps of resignation among the military police: "This was Italy's legacy; a dire and degrading legacy to set against that of Renaissance cathedrals, campaniles and graceful balustrades." He listened in the evenings to the loudspeakers roaring in the square of the Republic at Zagreb. He idled for two months in Dubrovnik drinking wine with friends, because the police were holding up his visa. He watched the chess players on a collective farm. He stepped over the sleeping bodies of peasants on the decks of little steamers. He was abused by the taxi driver who took him to see Archbishop Stepinac in his place of exile, and at whose door is placed the responsibility for the Serbian massacres. He remembers frozen mountains, date palms, orange groves and the freedom he had to see everything and everyone: the exuberant and the frightened. No one minded his anti-Communism. One cannot convey an impression of impressionism but his nervous knack of picking up bits of landscape can be seen in a fragment like this from one of his water journeys. This is an arrival at a mountain port:

> A sudden dusk, all desiring, throwing its shadow across the water and filling the hollow with a grey mist which did not, like other twilights, smell of violets. Black eagles rose in the mountains down the hillsides, covering Boka Kotorska with the night of their wings. . . . *The Partizan's* screw ceased beating and we heard only the whispering which is the quiet of the mountain night. Then a sliding rustle; with our funnel floodlit, we came alongside the quay.

Except for the good last sentence, that is moody, rhetorical, even arty writing, but it is evocative. He is clever with the casual acquaintance: the girl who got him a cinema ticket and popped a sweet in his mouth when she met him later, or the clerk with rheumatism at the Hotel Balkan:

> Since all the other tables in the pavement café outside the Hotel Balkan were occupied, the little man with rheumatic fingers sat down at mine. He was an office worker somewhere; we mixed German, English, French and Serbian and understood each other. I asked, as only a foreigner can ask:
>
> "Are you a Communist?"
>
> He deprecated in a damped-down voice:
>
> "No, no, no."
>
> "Do you like Tito?"
>
> He pondered and then said:
>
> "That's a very difficult question."
>
> "Well, what about the other leaders: Rankovic, Djelas, Kardelj, Pijade, Popovic?"
>
> He looked at me with scared eyes.
>
> "I am only a little man—a very little man. But they—they are so big—"
>
> Later he said:
>
> "If you go to Rome, will you look up my brother? He told my mother one afternoon that he was going to play football and the next we heard of him was a card posted in Italy. I was arrested for that, but it was the truth so I got off with a month."

Three thousand feet above Kotor, in Montenegro, the bus to Cettinje had to slow up because of donkeys on the road. When they brayed, Mr. Sommelius thought it sounded like a rusty anchor chain being dropped into the ravines. One likes him for his fantastic similes.

> We passed an old man with a drooping white moustache; his legs dangled comfortably at his donkey's flanks. Behind him his wife limped in rags.
>
> "Where are you off to?" shouted the driver.
>
> "To the hospital in Cettinje."
>
> "Are you ill, then?"
>
> "No. Not me. My wife."
>
> Everyone in the bus burst out laughing and, turning, the driver said: "There's a real Montenegrin for you."

* *The Iron Gate of Illyria.* By Torgny Sommelius. Translated by Naomi Walford. *Hart-Davis.* 18s.

Mr. Sommelius was flustered lest his "soul should be destroyed in the market place of politics," but he did go very thoroughly into the political situation all the same. He asked to be allowed to see Cardinal Stepinac, the former archbishop who had been released from prison and was now confined to his birthplace at Krassic. He found the archbishop in the priest's house in the village, determined to stay in Yugoslavia and to be the symbol of religion oppressed. He described the whole country as a prison. Was there any foundation for all the accusations made at his trial? Mr. Sommelius asked. The Cardinal made no reply and merely smiled. The Glina massacre? Mr. Sommelius asked. The Serbs butchered in front of the altars—baptism at the rifle point? The Cardinal said "We can readily take the blame for that. My conscience is clear." That last phrase is laughed at derisively all over Yugoslavia. In the course of a quiet and not very revealing interview the Cardinal became vehement in denial only once: he said it was a lie and fable that the Church had used the Cross for political aims. One has so often heard this kind of denial. It is fantastic and relies, I suppose, on the ambiguities of phraseology, for politics have certainly been used for the aims of the Cross. How should they not be? And why the denial?

Poverty, Mr. Sommelius thought, had whipped the Yugoslavs together and made them the most virile nation in Europe. He found them spiritually independent, simple, humble, self-sufficient and genuine. As Communists they were in the myth-creating stage of history as the Spaniards were at the time of the Cid—and one must not inquire too closely into the careers of national heroes—but their qualities were those of the unspoiled and virile peasant. He is very anxious to be spoiled. Moralising about this, Mr. Sommelius, alas, falls into the old cliché that we should aim at something other than political liberty and that freedom is an illusion, and forgets to add that it is a very necessary illusion. For if we give up this illusion we give up courage, too. V. S. PRITCHETT

Urgent Matter

A land laid waste?—Through too much life,
too nimble a love among the tombs.
The spirited ant, the locomotive centipede
Or speeding wasp: these are the threads, the looms,
The tapestry itself. All but the merchant and the customer.
And though the dead pile high against their walls,
No fathers tyrannise, no sons need sulk and wait.
The bullfrog paws the fallen sky; the keen cicada
Masters his long repertoire and sings until the curtain falls.
All seems free, and yet all seems predestinate.
Ancient, this earth, they like it all the better; their nest
In death's warm excrement, they make best
use of every seething inch of space.
It is the same relentless urgency that grips them, waking and asleep:
They grow more legs, sprout double wings, or learn to leap—
As we, in spite of all our arguments, are driven
To gulp down just one more, one for the shrinking road,
To plant one other tree, to write that extra poem.
The hectic beetle moves just one more load.

D. J. ENRIGHT

Encyclopedia Japonica

The Economic Development of Japan: Growth and Structural Change, 1868-1938. By WILLIAM C. LOCKWOOD. *Oxford: Princeton University Press.* 63*s*.

This important study of the spectacular expansion of the Japanese economy since the Meiji revolution of 1868 provides an invaluable collection of statistics, arguments and interpretations. Unfortunately it is not easy to read. Many points are stated with vigour and authority, but in almost every analysis there is a digression and in almost every chapter a mass of repetition. Only ruthless pruning could have made this book as definitive and influential as Professor Lockwood clearly intended it to be.

There seem to have been three original purposes in his mind—an attempt to correct a grossly over-simplified account of Japanese economic development, an effort to sift all available statistical series, and a desire to draw helpful parallels between the economic growth of Japan and that of other Asiatic and European countries. Each of these purposes has a fascination of its own: inextricably bound up as they are, they have created not so much a book as a miniature encyclopedia.

The over-simplified account, which has bemused journalists and professors alike, usually rests on two theses—first, that Japan was lucky to be the first Asiatic country to undergo an industrial revolution, and second, that the revolution did nothing to raise living standards or social amenities. It rather led to the exploitation of foreign markets, the consequent increase in the profits of the *zaibatsu*, and ultimately to imperialist adventures and catastrophic war. Professor Lockwood has no difficulty in qualifying this homely version, but he continues to draw familiar morals from the sequence of events. The basic "lessons" of Japanese history are that unless population growth can be held in check, a new increase in numbers will absorb much of the gains of development, and that unless political institutions can be created to "harness productive power to welfare goals", still more of the gains may be dissipated in war and conquest.

Perhaps the most interesting points which he makes concern technology and international trade. In the improvement of technology, fundamental education was as important as higher education, at least in the early stages of growth. A chain of relatively simple technical modifications, which did not depart radically from tradition or require large amounts of new investment, was as significant as large-scale imitations and derivations from overseas. In the expansion of international trade, which provided a further impetus to technical progress, Japan depended upon free trade and multilateralism and not upon planned import-export policy. Her raw material requirements, except for cotton, did not bulk large in world markets, and she was able to buy in the cheapest market, wherever it might be. Until 1938 the economics of Adam Smith were more relevant to her businessmen and politicians than the economics of Marx or Keynes.

The difficulty of other Asiatic countries drawing really useful lessons from Japanese experience begins at this point. World economic structure has changed since 1938 and with the changes there has come a new choice of guides and instructors. But this is only the beginning of the difficulty of lesson seeking. As Professor Lockwood himself points out, "the pattern of organisation and entrepreneurship which produced such rapid economic growth in Japan can hardly be duplicated elsewhere in Asia." Great inequalities of private property and income, the dominance of hereditary hierarchies and the social controls of a unique form of national community played a different part in Japan from the part that they are likely to play in the Philippines or Indonesia, not to speak of China. There is a final difficulty, too, which Professor Lockwood does not mention. No *Encyclopedia Japonica* is easily assured of wide Asiatic circulation, for what

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JONATHAN CAPE

happened after 1938 is as important as what happened before. It is perhaps more likely in the future that Asiatic experience will influence Japan than that the Japanese model will influence Asia.

ASA BRIGGS

An Extraordinary Enterprise

The Wise Man from the West. By VINCENT CRONIN. *Hart-Davis.* 18*s.*

The Wise Man from the West of Mr. Cronin's admirable study is Father Matteo Ricci, the Italian Jesuit who in the latter half of the sixteenth century was assigned the task of introducing Christianity to China. Born in 1552 into one of the leading families of Macerata, a small provincial town near Loreto, he entered the Society of Jesus as a youth of nineteen and, after years of waiting, was approved for missionary work in India. In 1578, after six months of hardship at sea, he arrived in Goa, where he completed his theological studies. A man of humane temper and subtle intelligence, he observed with pain the methods used by the Portuguese authorities in forcing their faith on the Hindu and Moslem inhabitants of the colony and drew from them conclusions that were to serve him well in later dealings with the Chinese. Meanwhile in Macao another remarkable Jesuit, Father Valignano, was recruiting for a mission to China. One of Ricci's friends, Fr. Ruggieri, was already with him but was finding the task of learning Chinese beyond him: and at his request Ricci was sent for. Reaching Macao in 1582, in three months the brilliant and versatile Ricci caught up with Ruggieri in Chinese studies, and the pair began to consider ways and means of entering the mysterious and inhospitable mainland. Acts of piracy and aggression by Portuguese traders had made all foreigners unwelcome and for months it seemed as if their opportunity would never come. Then a mandarin, who had heard of Ricci's skill as a mathematician and maker of maps and clocks, was moved by curiosity to invite him and Ruggieri to Shiuhing and in 1583 the pair of them arrived.

In this way began one of the most difficult and extraordinary enterprises in the history of the Church. The Chinese Empire, mature, civilised and supremely self-satisfied, was beginning to show signs of old age. Greedy as children for the toys and gadgets of the west, the educated classes felt that in philosophical and ethical matters the last word was with them and that white barbarians should receive it respectfully. But the two Jesuits had come to convert the Chinese millions to a religion that could tolerate no compromise and assent to no half-measures; and it was Ricci's greatness never to lose sight of this end through the long years of his exile, cut off as he was from the mainsprings of Catholicism, profoundly aware of the beauty and worth of much Chinese thinking and helplessly the friend and lover of the Chinese people.

As far as the means were concerned, he proceeded with a suppleness that was later to bring him under fire from the more direct, and cruder, Dominicans and Franciscans who followed in his wake. He "had seen that Christianity could never succeed in China as an exotic; it must adapt itself to Oriental ways of thought, graft itself to all that was best in a civilisation older than those within which Christianity had first found expression." Following the example of Francis Xavier in Japan, he reversed the practice laid down in Scripture and began his work among the rich, powerful and educated, realising that for a religious movement to spread upwards in an Asiatic country was an impossibility. Likewise, as a conciliatory gesture, he started out on his mission in the garb of a Buddhist priest; but soon discovering that China, unlike Japan, held bonzes in contempt, he changed in due course to the dress and manner of life of a "graduate" in the mandarin class. Finding in the precepts of Confucius a great deal of good sense and propriety, he allowed his converts to continue in their veneration of him, even turning a blind eye when they honoured the tablets of their dead according to ancient custom: a more essentially Catholic attitude, it may be thought, than that of the Spanish Xavier, who did not hesitate to assure his weeping flocks that their ancestors were all burning in hell.

Mr. Cronin describes with sympathy and imagination, and in a happy blend of artistry and scholarship, the course of Ricci's life from the early days in the Society to the death in 1660 at Peking. The failures, the disappointments, the sufferings spiritual and physical of this heroic man are recorded no less than the acts of untiring courage and faith and the astonishing intellectual achievement. Ricci's ultimate goal was naturally enough the Chinese Emperor himself, whom he dreamed if not of converting at least of bringing to a tolerant and helpful frame of mind; and some of the most poignant chapters of the book deal with his experiences in the Imperial City where, in spite of many local and incidental triumphs, he was to spend the rest of his days as an honoured, protected captive and winder of Imperial clocks. His aim will not of course commend itself to everyone, nor from some points of view did he entirely succeed in carrying it out: the victory lay in the witness, the magnificently dedicated life and the solving of that hardest of problems —to use Mr. Cronin's phrase—"how love the totally other without losing identity."

The author of this moving work is to be congratulated on his simple and clear presentation of complex issues, as well as on a vivid and accurate painting of the China of the time: he has written a book which does for once deserve the all too lightly distributed adjective, "outstanding."

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THE HOGARTH PRESS

An Anatomy of Prostitution

Women of the Streets. Edited by C. H. ROLPH for the British Social Biology Council. *Secker & Warburg.* 21*s.*

Those who seek salacity may save their guineas. This serious and very moving book is likely to revolutionise the conventional view of the prostitute. The original idea of the British Social Biology Council, which sponsored the work, was to undertake a complete survey of the problems of male and female prostitution in Britain, and their relation to the law. In the event, funds did not allow this; and the investigation was in fact limited to a statistical section (compiled with the help of the London School of Economics, largely from official documents), and a personal investigation of the case-histories of some 150 women in Central London and Stepney. The special merit of the book, then, lies not primarily in its conclusions—necessarily, because of its limited scope, tentative —but in the quality, insight and imagination of the field research. As an anatomy of the prostitute herself, *Women of the Streets* seems to me to be a work of art.

Here one must refer to a matter which does not normally come within the reviewer's province—the curious history of this book before its publication. The British Social Biology Council commissioned a professional research worker to undertake the survey. Subsequently the research worker, who is not named in the book, formed the very strong opinion that the results of her work should not be published. Her protests have been legitimately, and I think rightly, rejected by the Council; but C. H. Rolph, who has most capably prepared her original manuscript for publication, has been obliged to omit all identifying references to the real author. Yet that part of the story which describes the field work has been left as it was first written, in the first person singular. And one can easily see why: for the work, as it stands, achieves a degree of readability and sensitive personal perception almost unique in professional sociology. To depersonalise it would be to murder it.

Yet without some explanation of this background, the effect of the book is odd. For, first, the reader is almost bound to notice the obvious suppression of the research worker's identity; and then, as he reads on, he will gradually discover a very human, generous, shrewd, sympathetic character who lives in these pages anonymously, but as vividly as the girls she learned to know and sometimes, one feels, almost to love. Here, of course, is the secret of her success. She tells us more than anybody has told us before about prostitutes as human beings, because she understands more.

Is the book, for this reason, defective in scientific method? I think not. Its incompleteness as a survey of the whole problem must be accepted, and is no fault of the research worker. Nevertheless the light which it does throw on its limited field leads to two conclusions which are of first-rate social importance, and which, for me at any rate, shatter old illusions. I had always supposed that prostitution was, in the main, a by-product of economic hardship and the inferior status of women; that the Welfare State and sexual equality would gradually combine to dry up the supply of broken women, condemned by *laissez-faire* economics and Victorian custom to earn their subsistence in this grim trade.

That comfortable doctrine—comfortable because it contains within itself its own obvious remedy—is convincingly refuted both by the statistics and by the personal observations contained in *Women of the Streets*. It is replaced by one which is far more disturbing. The statistics, indeed, give some ground for supposing that increased prosperity and sexual equality tend, if anything, to increase the volume of prostitution: presumably economic opportunity is increased as fast as economic necessity is reduced. More important, however, than the figures is the research

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worker's proposition, overwhelmingly supported by her evidence, that prostitution is a way of living, consciously chosen because it suits a woman's personality in particular circumstances, and that, until a subjective experience in the woman's own life alters either the personality or the circumstances, she will not be prepared to make the effort to change; "since mixing with prostitutes and their associates, I have come to see prostitution as a problem of personal adjustment for the individual."

But she goes further than this, for she claims—again very convincingly—that the socially maladjusted girl who "does not belong" can sometimes adjust herself, and even achieve reasonably high standards of taste and conduct, once she has been admitted to membership of the social group consisting of prostitutes and the men they keep. Observe, for instance, the dreadful story of Nancy, a spastic child of 22. She is now certified and inside an institution; but for some time she was a happy mentally-defective prostitute, living on a bomb-site in Stepney:

> Young Maltese boys from Stepney who were hanging round Marble Arch found an easy prey in the little defective Nancy, whom they took back to Stepney to live with them. One may endorse the attitude of the law that their action was criminal, but she hated her home and family, and long before she was picked up at Marble Arch, she had been found in a port where, her mother told me in a shocked whisper: "They told me she'd been whoring." The youths found her at Marble Arch, because she was already going fairly frequently into Hyde Park to solicit. The life to which they took her in Stepney was a cheerful, colourful one; her boy friend was good-looking, and I saw him give her money when she was ill; she cried for a long time when he suddenly left her to return home. However safe she may be, now that she is in an institution with lots of women even more defective than herself, I know that she is not happier. If ever she was a victim, it seems to me to be to the State, to the law, and not to the ponces. After she lost her boy friend, she drifted from one house to another in the neighbourhood until she was picked up by the police, but while she was with him she was settled and had a base.

Many of the other case histories in this book confirm the stabilising value to individual delinquents of the prostitutes' community, and suggest, moreover, that the personal relation between the prostitute and the ponce (who is very often her husband or her lover) may be, however emotionally stormy, genuine and valuable, both personally and socially. Bridget, for instance, who took her man to court after he had mercilessly beaten her up in Hyde Park because she was not earning fast enough, was still with him ten months later: she then told the research worker that she would "murder anyone" who tried to part her from her "old man"; that she was seven months' pregnant by him and glad of it.

Does this mass of new and valuable data suggest any obvious proposal for changes in the law? Not directly: that is the limitation of its incompleteness. What it does is to show up both the false assumptions on which society's existing attitude to the prostitute is based, and the unimaginative cruelty of much of the law—though not, on the whole, of the police—towards both soliciting and "living on immoral earnings." Prostitutes are delinquents rather than criminals. Prostitution is a way of life, weakly chosen rather than compelled. Prostitutes and ponces together more often form a mutually sheltering partnership of social outcasts than a purposeful conspiracy of greed and violence. If the social evil of prostitution among women is ever to be tackled at its roots, it must be by the individual reclamation of delinquent girls before they have chosen to seek their shelter in such a sorrowful haven.

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Father's Footsteps. By DAMON RUNYON, JNR. *Constable.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Precisely how good a writer was Damon Runyon? These amiable pseudo-realistic humorists who invent a new popular pattern and go on repeating it are always difficult to assess. Our own P. G. Wodehouse is a case in point. He lacquers his drones with a thick veneer of good eggery; yet his characterisation is alive; his timing and general narrative technique brilliant; his use of words masterly. Runyon over-sentimentalises his gangsters; his characterisation is not so rich as Wodehouse's; his technique is far more limited, yet it is very expert. He did for Broadway roughly what Wodehouse did for clubland. His letters, from which his son quotes freely in this short, ambivalent, filial tribute, give you an impression of a man who was a natural writer, something much better than a mere gimmick-merchant. Unfortunately, we are not told what he read or what his literary influences were; we learn only that his syntax was partly taken from the everyday habits of speech of Broadwayites, and, presumably, not inspired by Gertrude Stein's continuous present.

This is, in several ways, an irritating little book. It gives you quite a strong feeling of personality but not enough fact. You learn: that Runyon was "a product of the six-gun west . . . his father was an Indian fighter" (note the connection often to be traced between romantic toughness and the frontier); that he fought as a youth in the Spanish-American war, Hearst's war; that he became an alcoholic during his early years as a journalist but later gave up drink altogether; that his first marriage was unhappy; that the models of some of his Broadway characters were really people he had met much earlier on in Denver, Colorado; that when afflicted with cancer of the larynx and trachea and condemned to mutism during the last years of his life, and great pain, he behaved with stoical fortitude. As a list, it may seem quite informative, but the book is all gaps in between.

The trouble is that Master Runyon, too, has an ego and he is determined to display it at all costs. Also, he has recently joined the new church of Alcoholics Anonymous, and exhibitionism is part, perhaps a necessary one, of their creed. He quarrelled with his father when young and for many years they were not on speaking terms. Towards the end they had a reconciliation of which we get a sincere account, but the intervening period is sketchy and blurred. The real subject of the book is not Runyon so much as the unsatisfactory father-son relationship which is not quite what we want to read about. Nevertheless, Runyon Jnr. has inherited some of his father's compelling readability and feeling for the grotesque:

> My father and I were talking one night in his hotel suite when he wearied of using the typewriter as his "voice" and moved to an easy chair. As he wrote on pads for the purpose, with printed heads reading *Damon Runyon Says*, I stood at his side so I could read his conversation.
>
> All of a sudden he wrote, "why did your mother drink?"
>
> After showing it to me he sat staring straight ahead waiting for an answer. It was slow in coming since I was caught completely off guard.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

The Elegant Enthusiast

Poetry and the Age. By RANDALL JARRELL. *Faber.* 18*s.*

Mr. Jarrell is an enthusiast. He likes literature and his whole effort is to convey his delight. So many of the "technical" American critics seem positively to bear some grudge against a poem for being good. Mr. Jarrell is a grateful critic, he respects poetry. Both he and, say, Professor Cleanth Brooks seem to be saying "I'll show you." But the latter says it to the poem, Mr. Jarrell to the reader. He is on the side of the individuals against current pseudo-scientific pretensions.

> What is a critic, anyway? So far as I can see, he is an extremely good reader—one who has learned to show to others what he saw in what he read.

Mr. Jarrell practises just this: he directs you to the good poems, he tries to convey the poet's uniqueness, he fits it in with a scheme of things, with imagination, spontaneity, subtlety, with whatever opposes mass-production and seems worth-while. He is informed, lively, clear, full of bright ideas and elegant expressions. But he has a bad fault: he exaggerates. His real gift is a rare one, a passion for minor poetry. He will find you the best poems and best lines of a writer and set them in a most becoming light. It goes with a passion for American poetry, his standard in his battle against everything that is mechanical and smug in "the American Way of Life." Certainly, we need to be told that American poetry is varied, intelligent, inventive, polished, we need to know a lot about it and we need Mr. Jarrell's sympathetic discriminations. But we also need a sense of proportion. When Mr. Jarrell calls Marianne Moore "one of the great living poets," William Carlos Williams "one of the best poets alive," Part I of *Paterson* "a geological event," when he compares Frost to Homer and Dante, we feel that his high horse is running away with him. They can be good without the fanfare of greatness. And, of course, they are, just as Carew, Lovelace or Gay are good and respected. But the consistent seriousness, range and accomplishment of major poetry is a rare thing. The only American poet to achieve it, I believe, is T. S. Eliot (a British subject), as our only major modern poet is Yeats (an Irishman). But no one slams the door on the rest for that. Robert Frost is no less excellent nor less enjoyable for not being Dante, but yoke them together and he is bound to suffer. Indeed, there is something ritualistic in the way Mr. Jarrell invokes greatness; it is as though he would transform values by repeating the big words. This is the first impression. But after a little it appears we are being let in on a family quarrel. Mr. Jarrell is not only criticising poetry, he is criticising through it, using it to combat the unindividual, slapdash standards of the age and place. He has

a didactic purpose, and a necessary one. Humanity, poise, humour, pity are hard to come by. Very well, Mr. Jarrell will show us them in poets we have neglected. But it is a little like Victor Mature in the role of Samson: when they found him the real jaw-bone of an ass he could not pick it up. So they made one of *papier-mâché*. It was surprising the figure he cut. When Mr. Jarrell talks of the moral perceptions of Marianne Moore and Frost we are not to judge them by Hawthorne's, Conrad's, or Eliot's. We must measure them by their setting, by that conference of sociologists, those International Business Machines Mr. Jarrell so often and wittily berates.

His other exaggeration is minor but tiresome. He can resist neither a joke nor a reference. At times the strain is too much and he drops back into vulgarity:

> . . . a lady who, except for bangs, a magenta jersey blouse, and the expression of Palamède de Charlus, was indistinguishable from any other New Yorker . . .

he writes in an essay on "The Obscurity of the Poet," and the condescension comes too easily. For Mr. Jarrell himself sets higher standards of wit. Later Wallace Stevens, for instance "is G. E. Moore at the spinet," and of anthologies:

> You may leave out James Whitcomb Riley because you are afraid of being laughed at, but if you leave out Spenser you mean business.

At his best, he moves beyond aphorisms and jokes to the more difficult wit of exact critical perceptions, as when he writes of John Crowe Ransom:

> He is perpetually insisting, by his detached, mock-pedantic, wittily complicated tone, that he is not feeling much at all, not half so much as he really should be feeling—and this rhetoric becomes over-mannered, too-protective, when there is not much emotion for him to pretend not to be feeling, and he keeps on out of habit.

Only a real critic could do that; the elegance drives home the judgment.

It is this that makes for his strength and his failings: he cultivates elegance—in his style, his literary delights (Miss Moore), even in his pomposities ("as purely magical as Alban Berg"). Set him against the ponderousness he hates, against *The Explicator* of those innumerable Poetry Workshops and Critical Factories, and he is a shining satirical light. Against the best modern American or English criticism he flashes less steadily and a little too self-consciously. There are excellent essays in this volume, on "The Age of Criticism," on Ransom, Stevens, Corbière and Wilbur particularly, but as Henry James said of Gautier, "He is characterised by consistent levity."

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who got away successfully with fraud? Hooley, when sentenced to three years' penal servitude in 1922, shouted from the dock "If I'm guilty, half the City of London should be in gaol." And Mr. Vallance, after exposing the dubious code of ethics that often governs high finance, seems sorely tempted to agree with him. Why then have no great swindles come to light since the last war? (The Cotswold Cider Company was pitifully small fry.) Has business morality improved? Mr. Vallance has his doubts. As long as booms last and there is plenty of money about, fortunes can be made without too many awkward questions. It is in the low tide of recessions that financial sharks get stranded. There are always queer customers circulating in the deep waters of the City; and Mr. Vallance confidently expects—and I share his expectation—that when the present riot of speculation has spent itself we may see some very ugly fins cutting the surface.

Mr. Vallance deserves great credit for the concise and masterly manner with which he dissects so many complicated swindles. All successful financial fraud depends on juggling with figures, and the unravelling of endless bogus arithmetic can be ineffably tedious—as juries find to their cost. But Mr. Vallance has managed to bring even Gerard Lee Bevan's tangled affairs within the comprehension of the most unmathematical reader. His account of the Portuguese Bank Note case (where even the Judges in the Court of Appeal and the House of Lords found themselves woefully at sea) is particularly brilliant. The peculiar arithmetic in that case poses a subtle question which has never yet been satisfactorily answered. Over a million pounds' worth of unauthorised notes were circulated in Portugal by a high-powered gang of crooks. The Bank of Portugal was obliged to exchange these for valid notes at the cost of £9,000 for printing the new issue, but recovered £600,000 damages from the firm which printed the false notes. Mr. Marang, the leading conspirator, got away with some £600,000 and has never been seen again. To balance the sums someone else should have lost £600,000. Who was it? The Portuguese nation? But, as Mr. Vallance shrewdly points out, the injection of an extra £1 million into the depressed Portuguese economy in 1926 was just what Doctor Keynes would have ordered as the appropriate remedy for the general lack of purchasing power. Indeed, ever since that date that economy has been going strong under another doctor, Dr. Salazar, who has been taking all the credit. It is high time a statue to Marang the Benefactor was erected in Lisbon.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

New Novels

Most Likely to Succeed. By JOHN DOS PASSOS. *Hale.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A Change of Climate. By STANLEY KAUFFMANN. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

The Fair House. By JACK COPE. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Neither Mr. Kauffmann nor Mr. Dos Passos is at his best in their new novels; indeed, in view of its author's deservedly great reputation, *Most Likely to Succeed* is saddening in the extreme. It is twenty-five years since Edmund Wilson, reviewing *The 42nd Parallel* in the *New Republic,* wrote: "Dos Passos seems the only one of the novelists of this generation who is concerned with the large issues of politics and society." He proved in fact to be not a solitary figure but a precursor; all the same, when we think of the Left-wing American novelists between the wars it is probably of Mr. Dos Passos that we think first. In its depressing way, *Most Likely to Succeed* is a gloss on the work of those novelists. It is the story of the career of Jed Morris, an author of plays of social significance who graduates from the financially precarious left-wing theatre to fame as a script-writer in Hollywood where he becomes a leading figure in the Film-Writers' Association and a tool of the Communist Party. By the end of the novel, the middle of the war, the Party has him body and soul, can even dispose of the woman he loves, because—the inference seems plain—the Party is all-powerful in the film industry and can break him if he rebels.

In its earlier pages the novel contains some good though very wintry comedy on the intrigues and inefficiencies of the Left-wing theatre; and this is a subject Mr. Dos Passos knows something about: after all, in 1929 his play *Airways, Inc.,* was produced at the New Playwrights' Theatre, New York, "and almost entirely failed to attract attention"—the words are Edmund Wilson's. Yet I am willing to bet that Mr. Dos Passos had a very different view then of the New Playwrights' Theatre than he has of the Craftsman's Theatre in his novel. That is no doubt a minor point. Mr. Dos Passos is exposing what hindsight suggests was a Communist Party racket. Well and good. The trouble is, Mr. Dos Passos doesn't make his exposure worth while because his hero Jed Morris is thoroughly inadequate. All one can say, from his author's account of him, is that as a playwright and script-writer he is a highly successful lecher. There is nothing in the text of the novel to convince one that he was capable of writing a single line of acceptable dialogue, much less a full-length play. If Mr. Dos Passos's intention was to prove that the writers who were caught in the Left-wing movement of the Thirties were amoral morons he has succeeded admirably. But the final appeal must always be to the known facts of life. No doubt during the Thirties many worthless figures like Jed Morris climbed on the band-wagon of social consciousness; but the men one respected then and remembers now were writers like Mr. Dos Passos himself. This, however, may be to take *Most Likely to Succeed* too seriously. It is merely a sour and tired novel which will be so soon forgotten as scarcely to affect the reputation of the author of *U.S.A.*

Part of Mr. Kauffmann's strength as a novelist lies in his power to render some aspects of American business life. One is conscious all the time while reading him that the moral problem under examination is taking place in a real environment. Thus in *The Philanderer* the hero's sexual compulsions were played out against a background, most vividly described, of American magazine publishing. The business background of *A Change of Climate* is excellent. Alex Harris gives up his career as a Professor of English to enter business, the wholesale watch trade; and by the end of the novel one feels one knows a great deal about the assembly and marketing of cheap watches in America. The ability to project a world at work seems to me a great merit in a novelist, one which few English novelists possess. But what is lacking in *A Change of Climate* is any strong counterpart to the hero's compulsions in *The Philanderer.* Alex Harris has his moral problems, it is true: he is a scientific humanist who has come to believe that the values he is concerned with as a teacher of English have less and less to do with the realities of American life. But the problems seem insufficiently dramatised, and Harris emerges as a man adrift who finds, when Mr. Kauffmann has worked out his neat plot, that the ethics of the world of business are considerably poorer than those taken for granted in universities. But one whole side of American life, that summed up in the famous saying "The business of the United States is business," is admirably done.

The Fair House is a first novel from South Africa. Mr. Cope has had the excellent idea of illuminating the race-struggle in his country by showing it to us at an earlier phase in its development, the Zulu rising of 1906, a rising put down, it seems, with the utmost barbarity on the part of the British settlers. I imagine this extremely dirty chapter in our colonial history will be as new to most readers as it was to me. I found it fascinating; and Mr. Cope describes the campaigns and the fighting very vividly. Indeed, as a recreation of history *The Fair House* is a most praiseworthy production; it throws a real light on present tensions in the Union. As a novel, it is less satis-

factory. The plot struck me as mechanical and too much of the world of fiction: the English hero, fighting with the militia and sympathising with the Africans, has an African friend, a playmate of his childhood, fighting on the other side; and as a whole the White characters seemed to me faintly drawn. With his Africans, however, Mr. Cope is much more successful, and at the present moment in history perhaps that is more important.

WALTER ALLEN

Gramophone Notes

AT last an LP version of Ravel's enchanting little opera, *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*, for which many of us have for long been clamouring, has turned up on a disc (**D.) that will give continuous pleasure, despite certain imperfections that are different from those which were noticeable in the old Columbia set. To begin with these: Suzanne Danco is not entirely at ease in her two roles (the Princess and the Squirrel); the Mother and the China Cup are sung in a characterless manner, and the Grandfather Clock is very feeble; the final chorus is sung too loudly. On the other hand, Flore Wend sounds much more like a child than did Nadine Sautereau; Hugues Cuénod sings quite brilliantly in three different parts; as the Fire and the Nightingale Adrienne Migliette is altogether better than her Columbia counterpart, and at one moment achieves a startingly precise F in alt; the orchestral score is played, and the entire ensemble recorded, with the greatest possible delicacy and refinement. Readers need not hesitate about this issue, but the new complete *Madame Butterfly* (*H.M.V.) is in different case. Those who were bowled over—as I was—by Victoria de los Angeles, when she assumed the part at Covent Garden some years ago, will doubtless want to have the set, for, aside from the fact that we are here deprived of her beautiful acting, she sings with most touching pathos, especially in the later scenes. Where power has to be combined with a high tessitura she is not, however, the equal of Renata Tebaldi (*D.); the H.M.V. Suzuki is disappointing; and Gobbi, though he produces a splendid tone, is threatening rather than fatherly as Sharpless. The Pinkerton of Di Stefano is mostly very good, though unnecessarily loud in the opening scenes; and the orchestra, if not quite as sensitively conducted by Giandrea Gavazzeni as by Erede (D.), is rather better balanced and more spacious in sound. All in all, I think I would rather possess the Decca set, but readers who have the opportunity to sample both versions are urged to do so.

If I could find it in me to urge anyone to hear Busoni's *Arlecchino*, I would surely do so, but in fact this little operatic scherzo seems to me elaborately dull. What with the sermonettes, the flimsy libretto and the confusing mixture of styles, even the musician who is fascinated by Busoni's cleverness and wonderful orchestration will find difficulty in keeping his attention on the alert. The Glyndebourne performance is well rehearsed and lively (H.M.V.), but the singing is not more than adequate and the orchestral detail, which matters supremely, is apt to get drowned by the voices.

Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was once at least as popular in England as *Messiah*: nowadays a public performance is a comparative rarity. It is not merely that taste has changed, but that, in the light of preferred styles, the extreme mildness of *Elijah*—which is the mildness of Mendelssohn's own character—is seen to be at variance with the ferocious story. All the same, how much beautiful music there is in this over-long work! The complete LP version (*D.) is a praiseworthy affair, though not flawless. Bruce Boyce is an imaginative singer, but when he presses on his voice it becomes woefully unsteady; and Jacqueline Delman, though her voice possesses a charming quality, has not quite firm enough a technique. But the remaining soloists, as well as the chorus, are excellent, and Josef Krips has been at pains to preserve the smooth surface and flowing lines which the music calls for.

Hans Hotter's rendering of Schubert's *Winterreise* cycle (*C.) begins badly: in the first songs he sounds either loud and angry or employs a kind of pseudo-piano from which most of the tone seems to have been drawn out. Here one feels a real discrepancy between the singer and the pianist (Gerald Moore), who is imperturbably excellent as usual. But from *Der Lindenbaum* onwards there is a very marked improvement in Herr Hotter's style, and although he often fails to clinch the key phrases he leaves the listener with an enduring impression of artistry. On the

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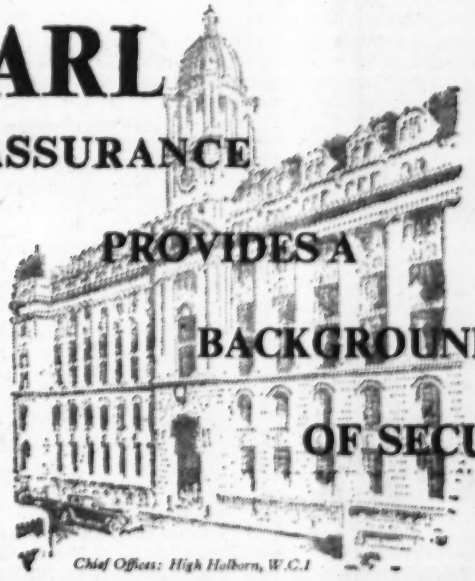

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other hand, prospective buyers should remember that a Fischer-Dieskau recording cannot be long delayed. And here I may mention that Akscl Schiötz's deleted SP set of Schumann's *Dichterliebe*, which had many charming qualities, has been successfully transferred to LP (*H.M.V.).

Adherents of the Claudel-Honegger *Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher* are advised that the recorded version (*Ph.) is only partially recommendable. The musical side is very well managed and Vera Zorina is youthfully touching as the heroine; but, with the exception of Raymond Gerome, the American cast offend continually by terrible French. Though less obviously dramatic, Claudel's *Christophe Colomb*, a kind of radio drama with music by Milhaud, is poetically superior to *Jeanne d'Arc* and very much better performed by the Jean-Louis Barrault/Madeleine Renaud company (**L.I.). The music has virtually no independent interest, but provides quite a satisfactory background to the spoken drama.

Discophiles who found Pierre Fournier's solo in Strauss's *Don Quixote* on the cool side may agree with me in preferring the latest version of that masterpiece, in which Gregor Piatigorsky plays with the Boston orchestra under Charles Munch (**H.M.V.). This is the best recording to come from Boston for a long time, and if the conductor might be thought to rush the brief passage describing the white-robed penitents, his handling of the work as a whole is full of understanding and I feel he extracts more of the comedy from the score than did Clemens Krauss. Piatigorsky plays as if he had known the music all his life—as indeed he may have—and his accounts of the knight's meditation (Var. V.) and of his regretful death are deeply moving. This is a work which even detractors of Strauss perforce admire, but they are under no compulsion to admire the ballet, *Josephslegende*, which was commissioned by Diaghilev, just before the 1914 war. To judge by the letters which passed between composer and librettist (Hofmannsthal), one would suppose that Strauss found the task somewhat uncongenial; at all events the result is laboured and artificial, though of course there are some fine pages. More could have been done to recommend the music than is achieved by the Nixa recording, which produces a constricted sound from what was evidently a good performance. Clever enough for anything, Strauss could on occasion turn out very good ballet music, but the form was apt to bring to the surface his cheapest musical ideas. For really distinguished ballet music we must look elsewhere—for instance to Stravinsky, whose enchanting *Apollon Musagète* has been so long in reaching LP. The Viennese performance, which couples the work with the Stravinsky/Pergolesi *Pulcinella* (V.), is not too badly recorded, but the conducting is rather heavy-handed for these very carefully balanced scores. For *Pulcinella* I would recommend the French Radio Orch/Markevitch version, which couples the work with the Divertimento from *Le Baiser de la Fée* (**C.). (The latter is also available in an equally good Ansermet version, with Frank Martin's *Petite Symphonie Concertante* (**D.).)

The indefatigable Edith Farnadi comes forward once more with Bartok's *Second and Third Piano Concertos (N.). These are very competent performances. Mme Farnadi is at her best in the grim but very dramatic No. 2. The piano tone is not immediate, to begin with, but quickly improves; that of the orchestra is excellent. There is a small, and apparently pointless, cut in the Finale. In No. 3 the pianist's reading is without poetry, and cannot therefore hold a candle to the wonderful Katchen version of this most atmospheric music (**D.); but to those who want both works in a convenient form the disc can be recommended. Another concerto coupling brings us **Debussy's early *Fantaisie* and *Poulenc's ballet, *Aubade* (P.). The *Fantaisie* is a full-length work, somewhat upholstered in the style of d'Indy, but effective enough in its way and containing a slow section that holds more than a hint of Debussy's later manner. The *Aubade* is one of Poulenc's most captivating pieces, but this is not as refined a performance as that in the old Columbia SP and some of the tempi are too fast. In both works Fabienne Jacquinot assumes the solo with mellifluous ease and beautiful tone. Readers who may have enjoyed the pianist's earlier coupling of Saint-Saëns' amusing Fifth Piano Concerto, coupled with d'Indy's *Symphonie Montagnarde* (**P.), will certainly enjoy this one.

François Couperin wrote two "organ" Masses, of which the *Messe solennelle à l'usage ordinaire des paroisses* has just come out in a wholly admirable version by Gaston Litaize (**DT.). These Masses are early works, written when the composer was twenty-two, but as music they are of the highest interest, displaying much of the harmonic daring and formal perfection which was later to distinguish the long series of harpsichord pieces. The *versets* (as they are called) were intended to be played in between the choral sections of the Mass, and in some cases to accompany unset portions of the liturgy. This dignified and beautifully appropriate music is played in a most fascinating manner by the organist, whose very varied but never overwhelming registration is excellently managed by the engineers. Do not miss either this or the recital of organ music by Frescobaldi, recorded by Giuseppe de Dona (**V.). All the pieces in the latter disc are well chosen to display the genius of the great 17th-century organist, but special attention should be drawn to the gentle and mysterious Toccatas *per l'elevazione*, which it is interesting to compare with the similar passage in the Couperin Mass. Another organ recital, two discs containing miscellaneous pieces "from Sweelinck to Hindemith," admirably played by Fritz Heitmann, is also highly recommended (**T.).

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Report

P. Holtby's devastating pun apart, most competitors took their responsibilities to Branwell's memory with the high seriousness that the occasion demanded. The openings were vigorous and varied, wild, Gothic, and in general dolorous:

> The night was dark with storm. High in the heavens the clouds raced . . . across the pallid face of the sinking half moon, which peered between them like an uncertain ghost. The winds howled round the lonely station on whose only platform a single passenger stood gazing at the rails and waiting for the train which should arrive at midnight.
>
> (Ethel Talbot Scheffauer)

> As for the woman . . . the woman who betrayed me: I carry her image in my heart . . . The picture stands before me now: arrogant as the *Leeds Intelligencer*, inviting, nay, compelling me to unburden my spirit.
>
> (L. V. Beharrell)

> There was no likelihood of the arrival of the train for the next few hours, so Keeper, like the wise dog he had lately become, settled himself comfortably on the sun-warmed metals . . . .
>
> (Nancy Gunter)

> "But mind, Miss, he be turble fierce."
> "He will obey me," said Leonora firmly, and set off leading the rescued animal by a piece of string.
>
> (M. Chapman)

All these and a number of others (G. J. Blundell, A. M. Sayers, L. G. Udall, Vera Telfer) made a formidable list of runners-up. In the end I decided that David Dulley and John Foster White tied brilliantly for a first prize, and have awarded them two guineas each. Half a guinea each to the five other entries printed below.

KEEPER'S PLEDGE
or A HAIR OF THE DOG THAT BIT HER

All ye who ride so sedately along the iron rails of life (paying the proper fare, which will avail you nothing) to that grim terminus where all is smoke and screams and horror, can you stomach a tale, not of sober men and plain women like yourselves; but of less, and more, than human love and anger, of a will strung to a task of hated and perilous punishment; of clenched, frail fists beating without mercy the eyes of an enraged though doting monster; of savage teeth longing to gnash deep in the flesh of the beloved, yet restrained—*but for how long?*—by a devotion greater than any commanded by all the dark princesses of the Visconti, or by that yet darker and doom-ridden Queen whose beauty killed Mark Antony? My timid little travellers, have you courage to read the story of a girl and a bull-dog?

DAVID DULLEY

I have just returned from a visit to my station-master—the solitary official of the Leeds and Manchester Railway that I shall be troubled with. This is certainly a beautiful line. I do not believe that I could have fixed on a station so completely removed from the stir of traffic. There was, the stationmaster told me, no possibility of taking a train that day. He had been wandering, indeed, along the churnless platform for an hour in the morning; but since the passing of the 1.15 slow to Todmorden (this train, when there were no passengers, stopped only by arrangement with the guard) the cold winter time-

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

LONDON Newspaper Strike. Any important news items at home and abroad which readers may have missed during the absence of London Daily Newspapers are, of course, recorded and indexed as usual in Keesing's Documentation of Current Affairs—more than a stop-gap: An Institution For All Times. Full details from Keesing's, Keynsham, Bristol.

AFTER Bandung . . . what next? At Bandung, Indonesia, representatives of millions of African and Asian people gathered recently. Mr. Chou En-lai spoke for China's 600 millions. What did he say? What part will China play in Asian—and world—affairs? Where is China going? For authoritative information about the political, social and cultural life of China to-day, read "China Reconstructs," a monthly illustrated journal. Price 8*d*. from all newsagents or 6*s*. 6*d*. a year from Dept. D, Collet's Bookshops, 45 Museum Street, London, W.C.1.

"THE Linguist," the language paper for experts and beginners, 13*s*. 6*d*. yearly, including postage to any country. Specimen copy 1*s*. "The Linguist," 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

SOVIET Light Music, Ballroom Dancing, etc. Also: New Interpretation of Shostakovich's 10th Symphony. Soviet Music Bulletin Vol. 2, No. 1. From S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. 1*s*. 6*d*. (post free 1*s*. 9*d*.)

SATIRICAL gem by "Sancho Panza" entitled "The New Conservatism" appears in the Special Election Number of "Labour Monthly," now on sale. Also famous drawing of Einstein by Kapp. Order 1*s*. 6*d*. all agents, or half year's subscription 9*s*. from NS, 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

U.S.S.R. Heavy & Consumer Goods Industries; Decentralising Administration (Khrushchov), etc. Soviet Social Sciences Bulletin, Vol. 2, No. 2. From S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. 1*s*. 6*d*. (post free 1*s*. 9*d*.).

"UNITED Empire" 1922-1939 (some numbers missing), unbound, for sale, £10. Telephone London Central 4763.

"A HIGHLY talented writer," says "The Times Lit. Supp." of Pavese. "The Political Prisoner" is his most powerful novel yet. "The Manchester Guardian" wrote, "Always engaging." All bookshops, 12*s*. 6*d*., or Peter Owen, 50 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7.

FREE catalogues of books on Occultism, Mysticism, Yoga, Oriental Religions, and all allied subjects from The Aquarian Book Service, 30 Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

BOOKS, second-hand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

THE Great Classics of Marxism. A complete catalogue of the works of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin which are now available in English, may be obtained free on request from Dept. D., Central Books, Ltd., 2 Parton Street, London, W.C.1. If you prefer, drop in and browse among the wide range of books on politics, economics and social science which are on sale at the above address. It's just off Red Lion Square, nearest station, Holborn, Kingsway.

TREES. The Spring No. contains important illus. features on New Zealand, China, India, U.S.S.R. & Britain. 2*s*. The Men of the Trees, 16 Mulberry Walk, S.W.3.

READERS of "The New Statesman and Nation" will be interested in the "International Journal of Sexology." This Journal with Editors in 23 countries discusses at a sober, scientific and yet intelligible level the various problems of sex referring to human relations in the field of social, marital and personal life. It is run on non-profit basis. Subscription £1 2*s*. p.a., post free (4 issues); single copy 6*s*., post free, from British Agents: A. Vernon Keith & Co., Dept. IJS, Napier House, 24/7 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

RHEUMATISM—no sufferer should fail to read "Rheumatism and You, the New Approach," by Dr. Louis Moss. Price 9*s*. 6*d*. from all booksellers.

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L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

OCCULT and Health Books. Lists free. N.K. Books, 28 (NS), Dean Rd., N.W.2.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

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BOOKS bought. Van collects London area. The Hammersmith B'kshop. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

The Ant and the Grasshopper...

... were on holiday in France.

"I'll take charge" said Ant, and started to work out routes, costs and times.

"I find" he said at last, "that ideal travel is a combination of speed, comfort and economy!" Grasshopper chuckled. "That's exactly why I bought these train tickets" he said.

...Which points the moral that it is best to travel by French Railways.

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Fill up with Shell with I.C.A. Find an open stretch of road. Press hard on the accelerator, without looking at the speedometer. When you feel that you're doing (say) fifty-five, look at the dial.

You will be going several m.p.h. more.

Try it the other way round, too. Accelerate to fifty. Then feel how much less fast you seem to be travelling than you usually feel at this speed.

These tests mean that Shell with I.C.A has made your car accelerate more rapidly and more smoothly than you're used to. It means that on Shell your engine reaches and maintains a fast cruising speed with less fuss and less strain.

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the most powerful petrol you can buy

table had brought with it intervals so sombre, and a blank space so impenetrable, that further outdoor business was now out of the question. Together we lingered, under that benign sign "licensed buffet": watched the moths fluttering among the excursion handbills; listened to the soft wind breathing through the telegraph wires; and wondered how any one could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers of that quiet track.

JOHN FOSTER WHITE

As he sipped a wineglass of neat *eau-de-vie* the Duke of Catterick gazed disconsolately from a window of the long gallery of Mytholmroyd Abbey to where, a mile away, navvies were incising a gargantuan ditch across the darkening November landscape. It was a cutting for the Mirfield and Kelham railway, the vulgar encroachment of which upon his fair patrimony he had been powerless to avert, in the face of the unscrupulous commercial interests that were corrupting even the House of Lords. Suddenly his keen eye was arrested by a trim figure crossing the park. He turned to his secretary.

"Redvers," he asked, "who is that young woman?"

"Miriam Ackroyd, your Grace, the head keeper's daughter."

"I believe that Mrs. Mudge has a vacancy for a chambermaid," murmured the Duke, picking up a rare edition of Apuleius.

"I understand, your Grace," said Redvers, and hurried from the apartment.

(Mr. Brontë left the railway company's employment rather hurriedly.)

J. P. STEVENSON

Still as a sleeper in a siding at midnight, yet conspicuous as a duke's bastard, the great bitch lay sunning herself beside the open grave. The earth, the limestone, the overhanging clouds, enclosed our subject in a frame of dull sobriety. It was too early for an owl to be heard or a cask to be opened. A high-pitched whistle sounded from afar. Was this the piping of some cruel god, mockingly surveying the creaking progress of mankind on its single journey? Still, still lay the bitch, abandoned as an empty tankard, sullen as a brother misjudged.

J. R. TILL

"I fear he has rendered himself incapable of occupying any respectable station in life." That is what my sister says of me, sir. She wrote it to a friend in a letter that happened to fall into my hands. Now Piddingcoat may be little more than a wooden hut, but it is indubitably a station, with small scope for being other than respectable, and, equally indubitably, I am the stationmaster. She goes on (I have the letter here) "He is now employed as a clerk on the railway." Clerk, indeed! The trouble is that she considers herself her brother's keeper. Which reminds me that there is also a sister's Keeper. To replace me when I came here, they took in Keeper, another worthless dog of vicious habits. Just like myself, in fact, except that they will find it rather difficult to publish any of *his* novels as their own.

LESLIE JOHNSON

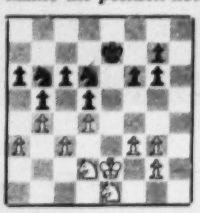
I have recently been followed by Furies, shrill, weeping, vexatious women who dog my footsteps and shriek at me and never give me a moment of repose. I see their faces in my dreams, they rise before me in my hours of leisure, they reiterate the same refrain. "Look to your morals. Work more diligently. Be not negligent in your duty." At times their voices are as the screeching of a railway engine as it makes its monstrous way through the countryside destroying the beauty of simple things . . .

Mrs. V. R. ORMEROD

The Chess Board

No. 292 Knights Bold or Bashful

A mere glance at the diagram will show that the Black Knights are all set to be very bold indeed; but it is their opponents' enforced bashfulness which makes the position noteworthy and reminds us of the useful lesson that mere passivity never pays (not in Chess at any rate). White (Marco) had been playing for a draw, and Maroczy too had been content with mere woodshifting for the first 25 moves. But then he woke up; may be he remembered the great Lasker's dictum that Chess, if it is to have any meaning at all means constant struggle. Thus, an abominably dull middle-game came to a very interesting and instructive ending. But let us see.



(27)		Kt(b6)-B5	(31) K-K2	P-Kt3
(28)	Kt-Kt1	Kt-B4	(32) K-B2	K-Q3
(29)	P-Kt4	Kt(4)-K6	(33) K-K2	K-B2
(30)	K-B2	P-Kt4	(34) K-B2	K-Kt3

By now, Maroczy has a clearcut plan. Having fixed the weak P at a3 he will try to force the gate to the K-wing.

(35)	K-K2	P-R4	(44) K-K2	P-KB4
(36)	K-B2	P-R5	(45) P x P	P x P
(37)	K-K2	K-B2	(46) K-B2	K-R4
(38)	K-B2	K-Q3	(47) K-K2	P-B5
(39)	K-K2	K-K2	(48) P x P	P x P
(40)	K-B2	K-B2	(49) K-B2	K-Kt4
(41)	K-K2	K-Kt2	(50) K-K2	K-R5
(42)	K-B2	K-R2	(51) K-B2	K-R6
(43)	P-Kt3	K-R3		

Now the Black K is knocking at the gate, and since the White K mustn't leave his sentry-post the Kt must move, thereby forfeiting the real key to the fortress, a3. True enough, White gets the KBP, but that is merely a loan since his own KBP is also doomed.

(52)	Kt-Q3	Kt-B7	(61) K-Q3	K-B5
(53)	Kt x P ch	K-R5	(62) Kt-B1	K-B6
(54)	Kt-Q3	Kt(7)-x P	(63) K-B2	Kt-R6 ch
(55)	Kt x Kt	Kt x Kt	(64) K-Q3	K-B7
(56)	Kt-B1	Kt-Kt8	(65) K-Q2	Kt-B5 ch
(57)	Kt-R2	K-R6	(66) K-Q1!	K-K6
(58)	K-K3	K-Kt6	(67) K-B2	P-R6!
(59)	P-B4	K-Kt5	(68) Kt-R2	Kt-Kt7!
(60)	P-B5	K x P	(69) Kt-B1	Kt-Q6!!

Naturally the Kt is taboo, and had White blundered (69) K-Kt3 it would have cost him his Kt. Note also the little traps avoided by Black at the very end and also on his 73 move when K-Kt7 (74) K-Q2 KxKt (75) K-B2 would have led to a draw.

(70)	Kt-Kt3	Kt-K8 ch	(75) K-Q1	P-R7
(71)	K-Q1	K-Q6!	(76) K-B1	P-Q5
(72)	K x Kt	K x P	(77) Kt-R1	P-Q6
(73)	Kt-R1	K x QP!	(78) Kt-B2!	P-B4!!
(74)	Kt-B2 ch	K-B6	(79) resigns	

A: Rogmann 1933

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White played (1) KR-K1. What was the more obvious threat which Black countered by P-Kt3? And how was he knocked out nevertheless? **B** is a 3-mover which may please our much neglected problemists and give them an easy 6 ladder-points. **C**—White to draw—is quite a pretty study and may well be worth its 7 points.

B: W. Speckmann
1939

C: L. Prokes
1950

Usual prizes. Entries by May 16.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 289. Set April 16

A: (1) . . . Kt-Kt6!

B: (1) Kt-B5 ch, K-B6. (2) R x P ch, P x R. (3) Kt-K4, K x Kt. (4) K-Kt2, K-K6. (5) K-B1!, etc.

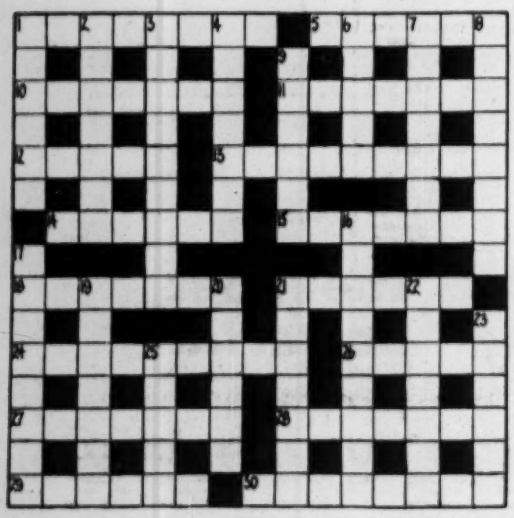
C: (1) Kt-Kt6 ch, K-Kt1. (2) R-B3!!, P queens. (3) Kt-Q7 ch, K-R1. (4) R-R3 ch, K-Kt2. (5) R-Kt3 ch, etc.

Many stumped by **C**. Alternative (though less elegant) solutions for **A** get full marks. Prizes shared by W. H. L. Brooking, D. E. Cohen, G. S. Fisher, J. R. Harman, and one of our Swiss competitors M. Sinclair.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 151

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 151, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on May 17.



ACROSS

1. A navigator is wanted, for the vehicle wipes out the back of the queue (8).
5. Looking back the child embraces its mother—they are wanderers (6).
10. God holds an ancient city in forgiveness (7).
11. Plant beginning with a name repeated (7).
12. Not bright for the liberal in one (5).
13. In which the actors appear when there is the possibility of a plot in view (9).
14. We are after the record in this event (6).
15. Epitomise a composer (7).
18. Widow the poet has at arm's length (7).
21. Without me demands would be silent things (6).
24. Almost the whole of this ship may be restored (9).
26. Change close to base (5).
27. There is something gripping in the disappearance of a body (7).
28. Severe examinations or bargains (7).
29. One operatic hero makes rings round another (6).
30. Instruments without delay in the low notes (8).

DOWN

1. Give the author a page for the college grounds (6).
2. In the German girl learning comes top (7).
3. May moth cause this hair to be ruined? (9).
4. Greek who was possibly sly in his habits (7).
6. Food for a king over fifty (5).
7. Gave information with legal possibilities before the editor (7).
8. The beginning came first and caused a surprise (8).
9. Tope with a Spanish graduate? (6).
16. Reciters make a sharp break with poetry (9).
17. Child of Israel retired and gone perhaps (8).
19. Decide to do the puzzle again? (7).
20. Len may be a change from the amateurs (6).
21. Company goes overboard perhaps in this town (7).
22. Amusement, but religious centre, no! (7).
23. Meals are safest when minced (6).
25. Be repugnant, but the opposite of an outcast (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 149

B	U	S	I	N	E	S	S		U	P	L	A	N	D
U		K		I		T			R		L		O	
S	P	I	N	N	E	R	S		D	U	B	L	I	N
T		M		E		I			F		F		A	
L	I	P	S	T	I	C	K		A	R	L	O	T	T
E		Y		T		D		O		U		I		
			S	U	P	E	R	C	A	R	G	O		
O		S		S		R		C		K		S		N
F	A	U	N	T	L	E	R	O	Y					
F		R		A		S		R		S		E		B
B	R	E	A	M	S		B	A	S	T	I	L	L	E
R		T		P			T		A		Y		A	
E	X	I	L	E	D		A	I	R	T	R	I	P	S
A		E		D			O		E		R		T	
K	I	S	M	E	T		E	N	T	R	E	A	T	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 149

H. J. Bostock (Stafford), A. B. Clinkscales (Rayleigh), Mrs. F. Partridge (Marlborough).

SCHOLARSHIPS

THE Australian National University, Canberra. Research Scholarships. Applications are invited from post-graduate students with research experience for Scholarships in Anthropology and Sociology, Demography, Economics, including Economic History and Economic Statistics, Geography, Australian History, Far Eastern History (China and Japan).* Pacific History, International Relations, Law, Political Science, including Public Administration, Philosophy, including Social and Political Philosophy, and Statistics, including Mathematical Statistics. The Scholarship tenure is for a period of two to three years. The present value of a Scholarship is £A705 p.a. Married scholars with dependent children may be granted additional allowances, and the University will make a contribution not exceeding £stg.115 towards a scholar's fares to and from Canberra. Application forms and further information may be obtained from The Secretary, The Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications should be lodged with the undersigned by May 31, 1955. Applications will again be invited in September, 1955. *A substantial knowledge of the relevant language is a pre-requisite. D. K. R. Hodgkin, Acting Registrar.

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RYE. Simon the Pieman Tearooms receive few guests. Rye 2207.

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LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book, 3*s.* 6*d.*, postage 3*d.* Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

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WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms, 100 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green, Garages, Superlative food. 7*gns.* Summer 7½-9*gns.*

LITTLE England Beyond Wales. Comfortable accommodation in Country House on bus routes Pendine, Tenby. Fine coastal scenery. Home produce. Billiards, Tennis. Terms £6 6*s.* Broadway Mansion, Laugharne, Carms. Telephone: Laugharne 25.

PENDINE Sands. Homely comfortable accommodation, beautiful country and coastal scenery, safe bathing. Good table, home produce. 6*gns.*, special terms for family party. No vacs. July 23-Aug. 27. Tel. Pendine 226, Llethr, Pendine, Carmarthenshire.

SIMPLE Country Guest House, lovely Cotswold valley. Own produce. 5½-7*gns.* Whit week-end 18*s.*-21*s.* dly. Sycambridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Painswick 2312.

CASTLE Rock Hotel (A.A.-R.A.C.), Port Isaac, Cornwall. Unrivalled situation overlooking bay. Licensed club, sun lounge, television, garages. Noted for cuisine, comfort & service. Reduced incl. terms to mid-July 7½-8½*gns.* Illustrated brochure. 'Phone 219. Victor Hilton recommended.

WEST Cornwall, mile from two beaches. Modern det. bungalow. Bed & breakfast. 12*s.* 6*d.* Chedworth, Goonvrea, St. Agnes.

BEXHILL—The Thorne, Ninfield Road, (Ninfield 212). Country house, spacious grounds, near sea; own produce, preserves, poultry. Recommended. Write Brochure.

KENT. Comfortable Elizabethan cottage; modern cons. In Dickens Country 44 mins. Victoria; holiday accom. offered, single or double room from 4*gns.* Apply Box 6430.

SOUTH Devon. Best touring centre, sea, country and moors, 4½-6½*gns.* Children welcomed, special prices. Write or 'phone Tower Guest House, Kingsteignton, Newton Abbot 441.

FARM and Country Holidays: Guide for 1955 describing Britain's Best Holiday Farms and Guest Houses. Pages of pictures, 3*s.* 3*d.* post paid. Farm Guide, Dept. S.N., 18 High Street, Paisley.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Old Norton House, only in its third season, has built a reputation for its cooking, its rooms and furnishings, its atmosphere and unique posn. on the Green of this famous seaside and downland village. Overflowing for Whitsun—but some rooms free in May/June, July, Aug. is difficult. 8 & 9*gns.* Brochure with pleasure. Tel. 3120. Prop. Donald Chapman.

DIFFERENT is the word for Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel on Ashdown Forest. There's good food and comfort too. Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Sharpthorne 17.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

TREHARROCK Manor, Cornwall—Continental Holiday now 'midst loveliest beaches on Cornish Riviera. Remarkably sheltered. Vacancies May. Glorious surf-bathing, Polzeath. Sun-bathing. Safe, golden sands. Fishing, boating, sailing, in Italian-like villages. Salmon, trout. T.V. lounge. Billiards. Table Tennis. Children's room. Golf (Rock). Open all year. Select. Re-equipped. 5 hrs. London. 11*gns.* except July-Sept. Superb cooking. Miss Wainewright. Port Isaac 234.

I.O.W., Ventnor, Pelham Hotel, Esplanade. Large balcony bedrooms facing sea. Apply brochure. Phone Ventnor 252. Terms 5½-8 *gns.* Recommended.

BELGIAN Coast: Private hotel "Les Mouettes," Digue de mer, 6 Wenduine. Really restful holiday. Seabathing free. Homely, family atmos. Glorious sand. Welc. British visitors. Best food. Reas. May, June, Sept. 125-150*frs.* July/Aug. 160/175*frs.*

THE new 1955-56 edition of "The Good Food Guide" is now ready. Contains nearly 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price. Nearly a third of the entries are new. The standard goes higher every year. 5*s.* from all booksellers. Published by Cassell.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

MIEDERS, Tyrol, Austria. Hotel Lerchenhof. The place for a happy holiday. 40 minutes' bus ride from Innsbruck. Big garden. Swimming bath and tennis court nearby. Lovely spring flowers, excellent cooking. May, June, Sept., Oct., Austr. Sch. 50.-, July, Aug. Sch. 55.- per day. Service 10 %, local tax Sch. -80.

FRENCH Riviera: Sévigné Hotel, Roquebrune, Cap Martin. 1 mile Monte Carlo. Flowered terrace o/looking sea. Unique site. Excellent food. Mod. terms. Marcel Radenne.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel, beautiful, quiet sit. above sandy beach. Mod. comforts, 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Red. rates to June 30 and after Sept. 10. Ill. broch.: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

VISIT the French Alps. Pleasant climate. Good cuisine. Full board £1-£1 4*s.* a day. Enqs. HAM. 1246 or Pension Bonvin, Conflans, Albertville, Savoie.

HOTEL Armorique, Fouesnant, Finistère. Excellent cuisine. Bathing, walking. F.1,100 per day, off-season.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. MUS. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

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JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service, 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. Serv. rooms, bed, breakfast, dinner optional. Moderate.

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3*gns.* wk. Dble. 5*gns.* inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters. Restnt. White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12*s.* 6*d.*/15*s.* 6*d.* B. & B., wkly. terms arrg. in difficult. 8 & 9*gns.* Brochure with pleasure. Tel. 3120. Prop. Donald Chapman.

LONDON, York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. Fre. 7579. B. & B. from 15*s.* daily.

BOARDING Accommodation with social amenities for ladies and gentlemen under 35, from 47*s.* 6*d.* to 85*s.*, partial board. Applic. forms and information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

BRIGHT div. sit.-rm. E. Finchley. Gas fire, ring, baths, &c. Suit female stud./bus. lady. 35*s.* p.w. inc. TUD. 0423.

LONDON. Broadway House Hotel, 39-40 Dorset Square, N.W.1. Close Baker St. Station. Bed and breakfast 17*s.* 6*d.*, other meals if required. H. & C. all rooms, some rooms always available. Write or 'phone PAD. 1451.

HOSTEL for women students, contemporary furnishings, good food, young landlady, 4*gns.* incl. Mrs. V. C. Wilkinson, Gulliver 3763 or Box 6356.

PAYING Guests received; comfortable house, large garden, good table, c.h.w. Conven. City, W. End. Garage. PUT. 5720.

CENTRALLY heated room, breakfast, service, graduate household. Good transport. Garage available. SPE. 5027.

TWO bachelor flatlets, kitchenette, c.h.w., garden. Richmond 0396 and (for Kensington) Park 5167.

HAMPSTEAD. Lovely single divan rm. Chg. facs., washbasin, h. & c. Use bath, tel. Good class acc. in author's house. 'Phone for details, HAM. 7428.

ST. John's Wood. Dble. divan room with kit.-dining room, c.h.w. Dble. divan room, concealed ckr., basin. PRI. 4485.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

ACTOR, 29, apologises that spare bed-sit. (sgle.), share kit.-dining, sun-roof, etc., in lovely top floor Knightsbridge (no lift) flat, (a expensive—4*gns.*—but assures really worth it. KNI. 4929/WHI. 4220.

FURNISHED large front B/S room; 1st floor; adj. kitchenette; all electric. Nr. Highgate Tube. £2 wkly. Box 6704.

ST. John's Wood. Bed, bkfst., comf. rm. Bus. gent only. CUN. 7085. aft. 7 p.m.

HIGHGATE, close Tube. Luxury divan-room for lady. £3 3*s.* MOU. 9610.

HAMPSTEAD Garden Suburb. B/S. 35*s.* incl. Bus. lady only. MEA. 3613.

BAYSWATER, well-furn. bed-sitting room with centr. heating, telephone in room, bathroom, service. BAY. 7456.

DIVAN rooms available. Kit. Business/prof. women, students. MOU. 5438.

TO let, furn. rm., with main use kitchen, bath, in part exch. occasional light domestic help. Regent's Park. Box 6715.

HIGHGATE, near Tube. Pleasant bed-sitting room with electric cooker. Quiet house. 22 Milton Park, N.6.

WELL-furn. room with large verandah over garden. PRI. 5602.

YOUNG prof. couple req. unfurn. accommodation London area, end of June. Prepared to baby-sit. Box 6846.

WANTED: Small self-contained accommodation at reasonable rent, by Oxford graduate on B.B.C. staff. Box 6822.

LARGE unfurn. or partly-furn. room wanted with usual amenities—where Bluthner grand may be housed. Owner out all day and likes to play for an hour most evenings. W.1 district/near, reasonable rent. Box 6750.

YNG. artist (m.) reqs. unfurn. studio & living accom. Central area. WHI. 4760.

LADY & boy of six require 1/2 rooms, kitchenette, furn./unfurn., usual convs. £2 10*s.* incl. Easy reach London. Box 6718.

BACHELOR lecturer, mid-thirties, English, seeks permanent accommodation board/residence, poss. with family. Convenient travel Oxford Circus. About 4½*gns.* Box 6455.

PROFESSIONAL woman & well-trained dog (both out all day) req. mid-June un/part fur. accom. nr. Heath/park, 1/2 rms., kit. Wld. help garden. Box 6432.

UNIVERSITY lecturer and wife require furnished flat or small house for summer vacation. London area. Box 6476.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BRILL, Bucks. Modernised XVIIIth-century village hse. 3 bedrms., 2 rec. &c. £2,250. Donald, Long Crendon 245, Bucks.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

PART-furnished self-contained flat, beautiful Dulwich. £312 p.a. Box 6823.

WATER-Mill, Devon, to let furn., May/July 3½*gns.* weekly. Bath, elec., 'phone, garden, also Oct.-July, '56. Reduced rent for long let. Box 6425.

URGENTLY req. by designer unfur. flat, Cen. Lon. 2/3 rms., k. & b. MAL. 2348.

WANTED, s/c flat by professional woman. Willing pay reasonable rent and small sum for furniture & fittings. Box 6454.

TYPOGRAPHER with young family desperately needs unfurnished house/large flat within easy reach Highgate School. Careful tenants, willing undertake interior decorating, can pay good rent. Reasonable f. & f. or rent in advance. Box 6463.

COUPLE (teacher, translator) in small furn. room, little space for books, urgently need unfurnished flat or maisonette, N. or N.W. London. Box 6662.

UNIV. Lecturer reqs. unfurn./part-furn. flat, Bloomsbury/Ken. Box 6563.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, GLA. 2987.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500. Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recording. Small Hall & Committee Rooms also available. Apply Sec., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Flertag, Dept. NN, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

TAPE Recorders, all makes. 1 year free H.P. No interest charges. 15 p.c. deposit. Fr. 22*gns.* Free insurance. Howard Photographic (Dept. N), 525 Croydon Rd., Beckenham.

£5 wk. Illness/accident Insurance. 4 yrly prem. £3 Men, £5 Women. Details: Mutual Broker, 130 Balfour Rd., Ilford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE Iraq Petroleum Company invites applications for the following vacancies created by the expansion of the Industrial Training Centre at Kirkuk, which provides training for Iraqi apprentices in technical and commercial subjects. (a) Lecturer (Electrical Engineering). Degree or H.N.C. but essentially with practical engineering as well as teaching experience; desirably Teacher Training Course. Required to give instruction to O.N.C. standard. (b) Lecturer (Mechanical Engineering). As for (a) above. (c) Lecturer (Commercial Subjects). B. Comm. or equivalent and subsequent course of training for technical teachers. Teaching subjects must include Book-keeping and Accounts; ability to assist typewriting instruction an advantage. Required for training apprentices (Middle East Nationals) for O.N.C. and R.S.A. examinations in commercial subjects. (d) Lecturer (English). Teaching diploma or recognised equivalent together with minimum five years junior or secondary Modern School experience. Ability to teach elementary mathematics or science an added advantage. Previous overseas teaching experience is desirable as students' knowledge of English is necessarily limited. Applicants, under 35, must be ready to take up appointments by September at the latest. Pensionable emoluments commencing from £1,095 (incremental) in addition to which there are further allowances varying from £510 p.a. to £770 p.a. according to family circumstances. Annual leave with paid passages. Accommodation, which is provided by the Company, is limited and therefore married applicants must be prepared for an initial period of family separation. Write please, outlining experience and quoting No. 484 to Box No. 8585, c/o Charles Barker & Sons, Ltd., 31 Budge Row, London, E.C.4.

CHELTENHAM, St. Paul's College. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in English at the above Church of England College for Men, which will be vacant from September 1. For a man of suitable experience the post might be converted into a Senior Lectureship. Details and application forms from the Principal, St. Paul's College, Cheltenham.

LONDON County Council. Post of special responsibility, Deputy Headmistress, Putney Park Lane, S.W.15 (Headmaster: M. Holmes, M.A.)—A new secondary school for about 2,000 boys and girls to be opened in September, 1956. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment as deputy headmistress to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1956. Burnham (London) scale salary with special allowance of at least £350 a year. It is expected that two existing secondary schools, one for boys and one for girls, providing 5-year courses will be transferred to the new school. Courses will include some leading to the General Certificate of Education (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels) and some in preparation for advanced courses in needlecraft, catering and commerce; there will also be general crafts and engineering courses. Applicants must have good qualifications, proved organising ability and a variety of teaching experience, and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application forms (EO/TS10 Putney Park Lane) to be obtained from and returned to EO/TS10 by May 13, 1955. Candidates who have recently applied for similar posts and have nothing to add may apply on form EO/TS10B. (584)

CENTRAL Office of Information: Require Sampling Officer for Social Survey work. Should have mathematical or statistical qualifications of degree standard and be familiar with sampling theory and practice. Post graded Temporary Information Officer. Salary £860 to £1,030 (men); £757 to £890 (women). Write, giving date of birth, education, full details of qualifications and experience of posts held (including dates) to AC.525, Appointments Officer, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6, Tavistock Sq., W.C.1, by May 14, 1955. No original testimonials should be sent. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

METROPOLITAN Borough of Camberwell. Public Relations and Entertainments Officer. Salary National Scales A.P.T. IV/V (£705-£930 inclusive of London weighting). Duties will include publicity for Council's activities, liaison with the Press, Road Safety, Municipal Entertainments and supervision of Information Centre. Local Government experience desirable. Assistant Public Relations and Entertainments Officer. National scale, grade A.P.T. II (£590-£670 inclusive.) Duties will include supervision of the Council's community centres. Both appointments permanent and superannuable. Application form (state which post applied for) from Town Clerk, Town Hall, Camberwell, S.E.5. Closing date Saturday, May 21, 1955.

LADY Teacher for English wanted. Apply: The Berlitz School of Languages, Hamburg, Spitalerstr 1, Germany.

TYPIST-clerk required for the advertisement department of this journal. Apply Secretary, Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Script Supervisor, Television Service, based at Shepherd's Bush. Script Supervisor is responsible for safe custody, reading, assessing and recording of all scripts or stories in Drama and Documentary field submitted to or commissioned by Television Service. Duties range from encouragement and instruction of writers of promise to preparation of final scripts. Applicants must be able to show that they are aware of the special requirements and possibilities of the Television medium and capable of organising the work of original writers, adaptors, readers and clerical staff. Previous experience of similar responsibilities in either films, theatre or journalism an advantage. Appointment for period of three years at salary of up to £1,800 p.a. (according to qualifications and experience) with possibility of extension by mutual agreement on year-to-year basis. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting Reference "860 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. invites applications for the following posts in Publicity Department, (a) Publicity Officer (Television). Duties: to collect information from output departments and write publicity releases. (b) Press Officer (Specialist & Provincial Press) (Television). Duties: to collect and provide information for the periodical, specialist and provincial press. Duties of both posts include assistance in answering Press enquiries about Television programmes. Journalistic experience, interest in and knowledge of B.B.C. Television programmes, ability to build up and maintain good relations with the Press and the Television staff are essential. Salary £870 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,175 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting Reference "871 N.Stm."), should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1 within 5 days.

APPLICATIONS are invited from experienced and qualified engineers for specialist appointments in the Central Plant Engineering Department of Philips Electrical Industries, Limited, as either Electrical Engineers or Heating Engineers. The Company is expanding rapidly and new establishments are being planned, all of which are to incorporate modern and special techniques, both in construction and servicing, to meet the needs of new and advanced production requirements. The successful candidates will be expected to design schemes, produce specifications, negotiate with contractors and finally control the installation. They will be required to work in close co-operation with other specialists. Preference will be given to engineers between 35 and 40 years of age, but consideration will be given to those outside this age range who have sufficient all-round experience. Starting salaries will be not less than £1,000 a year. Applications should be made in writing to: Chief Personnel Officer, Philips Electrical Industries, Ltd., Century House, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, marked E./1.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Education Committee. Reqd. at Uxbridge Child Guidance Centre:—Full-time Educational Psychologist. Salary, Soulbury II £915×£25—£1,115 (men), £815×£20—£965 (women). Recog. clinical training, some teaching exper. Applications considered from Fellows completing clinical training. Part-time Psychotherapist, 3 days (22½ hrs. p. wk.). Salary, appropriate proportion of following scale: £915×£25—£1,115 (men); £815×£20—£965 (women). Recog. training and/or exper. in therapy; membership of Assoc. of Child Psychotherapists desirable. Honours degree in psychology or equivalent. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. env.) from undersigned, returnable by May 14 (quote Q.322 NS). Canvassing disqualifies. C. E. Gurr, Secretary to Education Ctee., 10 Gt. George St., Westminster, S.W.1.

JOINT Intelligence Bureau Officers (Grade III), Ministry of Defence. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for seven established posts to be filled by interview in June, 1955. Age at least 26 on August 1, 1955. Candidates must have a University degree (preferably good Honours degrees) or equivalent academic qualification, or Corporate Membership of a professional institution. Candidates without these qualifications may be considered if they have knowledge and experience of railway engineering and railway photographic interpretation or of line and wireless telecommunications. The duties are research work of University type on matters of defence interest. Salary for 45½-hour week: (men) £515-£837, (women) £515-£706—subject to improvement under equal pay scheme. Starting pay may be increased for compulsory National Service in H.M. Forces. Promotion prospects. Application form and further particulars from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4451/55. Applications to be returned by May 19.

THE Family Welfare Association invites applications from trained social workers, men or women, interested in the problems of coloured people in London, for the post of Citizens' Advice Bureau worker. University degree or diploma in social studies essential with London experience. West Indian preferred. A three-year project is envisaged. £400-£500 p.a., according to experience. Applic. to be made in writing to General Secretary, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

APPLICATIONS invited for 14 weeks' training Course beginning June for those wishing to become Matrons of Old People's Homes. Full particulars from National Old People's Welfare Committee, 26 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

SURREY County Council. Education Committee. Organising Secretary. Wimbledon Community Association and Centre. Applications are invited for this post. Salary scale: Men: £600×£25 to £750 per annum; Women: £555×£20 to £675 per annum. Starting point may be above minimum. Administrative ability, wide cultural interests and experience of social work required. Further particulars and forms of application on receipt of s.a.e. from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, to whom completed applications should be submitted within two weeks of the appearance of this advertisement.

COUNTY Borough of East Ham. Children's Welfare Officer. Applications are invited. Salary Grade APT.I (£500×£20—£580 per annum) plus London Weighting. Applicants should hold a Social Science Diploma or other appropriate qualification. Further particulars and form of application (returnable by May 18, 1955) from the Town Clerk, Town Hall, East Ham, E.6.

WILMSLOW Guild, a Centre for Adult Education. Applications are invited for the post of Warden (man or woman) duties to commence in the autumn term. Previous experience advantageous but not as essential as sense of leadership and general organising ability in academic and recreational curricula. Ability to lecture is a supplementary recommendation. The post, eligible for teachers' superannuation, has commencing salary from £450 to £550 according to academic and other qualifications. A small modern house is available at moderate rent if required. Full particulars and names of three referees to be sent to the Hon. Sec., B. Collie, 46 Moor Lane, Wilmslow, Cheshire.

BETHNAL Green Old People's Welfare Committee. Applications are invited for the full-time appointment of Lady Visitor, at a salary within the range £350 to £375 per annum. Candidates must be 30 years of age or over, and practical experience in the welfare of old people, particularly with regard to visiting the elderly "home-bound," is a necessary qualification. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Honorary Secretary at the Town Hall, Bethnal Green, E.2, to whom completed forms must be returned by Monday, May 16.

CHILD Welfare Officers—London County Council requires qualified and experienced men and women for engagement as vacancies occur. Salary: £541 17s. 6d. rising to £701 5s. Duties include receiving into care; rehabilitation; boarding-out; adoption supervision; after-care and other field-work associated with deprived children. Full details and application forms (stamped, addressed foolscap envelope) from Children's Officer (CHA/A1), County Hall, London, S.E.1. Closing date May 31, 1955. (493.)

LEADERS required for Mixed Boys' and Girls' Club in Islington. Married couple preferred, joint salary £700. Single applics. considered. Apply in writing to—Warden, Mary Ward Settlement, Tavistock Pl., W.C.1.

RADIO & Electrical retail business of good standing; London; requires (a) T/V service engineer; (b) Electrician; (c) Trainee for television or electrical work. Good opportunity for capable men. State age & details of career. Box 6687.

QUALIFIED resident Music Mistress wanted September for well-known boys' Preparatory School North Scotland, to teach piano, violin & class-singing. Box 6466.

PINEWOOD, The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter, needs staff (1) Handyman with interest in children's craft & workshop, (2) Housemother or domestic. Hele 390.

ASSISTANT Master wanted September for Gordonstoun Preparatory School to teach Mathematics and/or History and Geography. Write Headmaster, Wester Elchies School, Aberlour House, Aberlour, Banffs.

PREPARATORY School in Bucks. requires Master. French, History, help cricket or singing. Proper salary. Box 6519.

CAPABLE and sympathetic help reqd. for 2 elderly ladies, N.W.1. Ckg., shopping, etc. Light cleaning; nice b/s room, free every day aft. 3.30. Box 6736. PRI. 2144.

NURSERY Governess required September. Residential. Five children. Essex, nr. County town. Box 6650.

BUSY Employment Agency rqs. woman to run it. Unlimited prospects. Box 6775.

CONGENIAL post for shorthand-typist with clerical duties in Sales Department attached to china and glass showrooms, Holborn. Salary according to experience/ability. 9 a.m.-5.30 p.m. No Sats. Telephone for appointment, CEN. 5307.

PERSONAL Assistant to General Secretary of Family Planning Association with shorthand typing, good education and initiative. £7 p.w. for 32½-hour week; good conditions. Apply 64 Sloane Street, S.W.1 (SLOane 0451).

EXPD. shorthand-typist June/Sept., also copy typist same period. Gd. wages, short hrs., no Sats. Apply Dryden, TEM. 7237.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FAMILY Service Units has vacancies for social caseworkers. Resident and non-resident. Men and women. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Training provided. Units at present operating in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Oldham, Bradford, York, Leicester, Birmingham, Bristol and London. Further details from 25, St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

PUBLIC Relations consultants, Mayfair offices, require first-class secretary. She must have a good appearance, be a really efficient shorthand-typist and able to work at pressure when the occasion demands. Write giving details of previous experience, age, and salary required to: Box 6729.

PERSONAL Secretary (shorthand/typist) reqd. by Estate Manager or large multiple stores, London Head Office. Previous experience in Surveyors' or Solicitors' office desirable, but not essential. Application in writing stating age, exp., salary to Mr. P. D. Gould, Willsons (L. & P.) Ltd., Universal House, Swallow Place, Oxford Circus, W.1.

SECRETARY/Shorthand Typist required for office in Bloomsbury area. 44-hour week, incl. Sats. Write stating age, education, experience and salary required to Advisory Committee on Colonial Colleges, 1 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

FIRM of industrial photographers in Hampstead require experienced secretary in sole charge of office. Book-keeping, etc. Full-time. Box 6811.

MEDICAL Secretary required at The Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2. Candidates must be competent shorthand-typists. Salary within range £225 to £335 per annum within age limits 18-25. Lunch available. Applications, together with copies of any available testimonials to be addressed to the Secretary, Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, London, E.2, within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

SECRETARY wanted (age 21-30) by London Correspondence School. Interesting opportunity for an intelligent woman seeking a congenial post. Write, giving details of age, experience, qualifications and salary required, to Box 6851.

EMINENT Harley St. man wants a secretary. £8 upwards. Dental surgeon also wants secretary. Good shorthand and typing, also book-keeping. £10. Medical research team (London) need a secretary. Salary £9 to start. Wigmore Agency for Medical Secretaries, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

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LADY reqd. for office work & typing, 11-3 daily. WHItehall 8657 after 3.

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APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MODERN Lang. Grad. (woman, 26) seeks interesting post anywhere; excellent German; typing; exper. abroad. Box 6658.

CAPABLE woman Sec. sks. temp. work. Very good exp./references. Box 6656.

YOUNG man graduating June seeks post offering scope for initiative rather than permanency or prospects. Keen to go abroad. Interested in politics. Can drive, type. Write Box 6220.

SOLICITOR (admitted Oct., 1954) seeks position in progressive firm. Box 6778.

WOMAN, Eng. Hons. graduate (Lond.), early 50s but youthful appearance, alert, dependable, research (Econ.) & some library experience, typing, knowledge 6 languages (inc. Russian, Scand.), now employed uncongenial work, conditions, Government office, would like charge small library, or post as Assistant Librarian. Box 6697.

PRINCIPAL of own private Health Clinic specialising in physio-therapy treatment for rheumatic and general health conditions, also psychology, medical hypnosis for nervous conditions, now desires position with Institute or business organisation, where above qualifics. can be utilised. Box 6634.

ITALIAN undergrad., 24, fluent Engl., sks. post England, July onwards as tutor with family or teacher. Other suggestions welc. Extensive exp. teaching Latin, Maths., French, Greek, Italian. Box 6587.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

IF you need an efficient secretary, junior or senior, apply to the Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Lndn., W.1. May. 6626.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 664

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginrs. cnse., all ages. Brochure. Spanish Centre, 36 Cranbourn Street, W.C.2. COV. 0754.

THE Alexander Technique teaches you to free yourself of over-tension, nervinesss, faulty breathing and postural faults (leading to back and foot troubles). Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Square, S.W.3. SLO. 3141.

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EXPERT Tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing.—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

WHITSUN Weekend School. "Personality Disorders in Delinquency": Drs. Edward Glover, John Mackwood, W. Lindsay Neustatter, Desmond Pond. At Southdean, Bognor, May 27-30. Details: I.S.T.D., 8 Bourdon Street, Davies Street, W.1.

WHITSUN School: "Spirit & Society" at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Send a card for full list of summer holiday courses.

SUMMER Holiday Courses, Urchfont Manor. May 16-20, "Contemporary Literature." Week-end, May 20-22, "From Author to Public." Author's, publisher's, and critic's viewpoints. Whitsun. May 27-June 2. "Brains: Living and Electronic." A discussion of current research and of the implications of "automation" in office and factory. Week-end. June 10-12. "A Prospect of Germany." Introducing post-war Germany's economic and cultural life. July, August. Children catered for in camp during courses. Subjects include: Theatre Week, Exploring Wiltshire, Current Affairs, The Family, Writing for Radio. Apply The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts.

QUAKER International Seminar for thirty young graduates or equivalent standing, ages 21-35, topic "Human Factors in International Relations." Rev. W. W. Simpson, Council of Christians and Jews, Otto van der Sprenkel, Geoffrey Wilson, Richard Ullmann, etc. July 4-24. £12 12s. including excursions, Whan Cross, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks. Apply International Seminar Programme, Friends' House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

SPAIN, Ronda Andalusia. Borough Bottega Art Hol. Cen. Tuitn. David Bomberg. Begnrs. or adv. Magnif. site above primitive caves with exped. by horse & mule. 7*gns.* wkly. inc. en pens. Ronda. Campg. on estate. Holt, 30 Steeles Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 9190, or Casa de la Virgen de la Cabeza Ronda.

DRAMA Summer School nr. Broadstairs, July 23-Aug. 6. £9 15s. incl. Partics. City Literary Inst., Stukeley St., W.C.2.

HOLIDAY course for Continental students. The 9th Course will be held this summer from July 21-Sept. 1. Young people of all nationalities welcome. English lectures. Graduate staff. All sports. Large estate, Private beach, and plentiful food. Prospectus from the Secretary, Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

VIENNA University Summer School July 11 to Sept. 30. German language courses for beginners and advanced. Enquire: Four Seasons Travel, 49 Dover Street, London, W.1. Tel. GRO. 7853.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, May 2 to September 16, 1955. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

ST. Peter's Loft, St. Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio and workshop. Peter Lanyon—William Redgrave—Terry Frost. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials, Lectures. Accommodation arranged.

LANGUAGE and House Party Holidays for professional people. Write for our special leaflet with details of our arrangements in Britain, Italy, Austria and Spain. Special German languages courses at Salzburg. Departures July 3, 10 & 24. Erna Low, 47 (TS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

LEATHERHEAD Repertory Theatre Summer Drama Schools. Also Interval Theatre Club, London, W.1, Summer Drama Schools. All under direction of Marian Naylor. 7-, 10- or 14-day schools July-Sept. Fees 4*l*-6*gns.* Courses for teachers, actors, producers in acting technique, speech, make-up, improvisation, production etc., under Professional Staff. Syllabuses from: Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Oxford, Kent.

PERSONAL

URGENT. Socialist candidate's wife needs help (mainly 4 p.m.-9 p.m.) up to G.E. (& pref. also 3 wks. following). 3 lively children (school 8-4). Cottage nr. London. Small room but nightingales. Equal pay m./f. Garston 2706/Box 6849.

TWO friends reqd. for work in boarding kennels. Share luxury caravan & cater for selves. State qualifications if any. The Misses Thomas & Rogers, Noah's Ark Kennels, Burghfield Bridge, Nr. Reading.

FOREIGNERS: One to three pupils (Fr., Span., Ger.) taught English by expd. teacher at her own W.C.1 flat. Box 6440.

PERSONAL—continued

ENGLISHWOMAN, 38, sgle., res. Fr. Riviera, widely trav., bi-lingual (Eng./Fr.) steneg., broad exec. sec. exp. Europe/U.S.A., translator, exc. organiser, interested work Riviera; writing, translating, bus. suggestions welcomed. Secretarial work definitely not sought. Box 5949.

FURNISHED flat to let till October outside Tel-Aviv. Sleep two. Bus to beach. Very reasonable. Box 6686.

AU Pair: Spanish boy, 19, middle-class family, would like exchange British boy or girl for three months. References to be exchanged. Write to Box 6664.

ECONOMICS & British Constitution coaching required for G.C.E. Advanced by male student (18) after 5 p.m. Hendon, N.W.4. district. Write Box 6730.

YOUNG Solicitor would be grateful for seat in car going Spainwards departing London May 21. Exps. shared. Box 6725.

ENGLISHWOMAN, excellent knowledge German, wishes contact German engaged in lit. translation view collaboration. Box 4677.

SPAIN. Intending emigrant (male, middle-aged) seeks contact there (pref. Andalusia) with family, organisation, etc. Desire to settle down with some work and contacts. Appreciate advice, help—especially Spaniards, London. Box 6487.

CHILDREN'S Holiday in Devon. Of interest to parents unable to be with children during holidays. A large house and garden, specially equipped for children, good food, permanent supervision, within few minutes sandy beach. For details please write Similinter, Ltd., 32-34 Rupert St., W.1. Phone GERrard 1067/8/9.

GIRL hitchhiker seeks companion (f) to underwater swimming centre, Southern Italy, early June. Box 6693.

LADY (33) wishes to join with another to Liechtenstein, July 23 to August 6 incl. All accom. booked. Freedman, 10 St. John's Ct., Finchley Rd., N.W.3.

FRENCH graduate (m.), 29, seeks British companion (m.) similar age for Continental summer holidays. Box 6458.

YOUNG man shs. holiday companion (m.) not over 30; would be car passenger or pillion rider. Box 6444.

EASTBOURNE: Carefree hol. pty. Aug. Sport/dancing. Yng. company. Box 6191.

FAMILY Holidays: you and your family will enjoy one of our special family parties by the sea in Britain (Cornwall, Sussex and Wales), in the Austrian Tyrol, on the Italian Adriatic or in Brittany. Erna Low, 47 (NSF) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911 and 9225.

ART-Students (incl. beginners) are invited to week-end course, "Life Drawing & Portrait Painting," May 20, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Send cards for details.

MOTORIST (49, m.) shs. compn. (m.) holiday 2/3 wks. from June 3. Box 6836.

PARTNER to set up in language school Italy. Qualified teacher or graduate, able to teach shorthand prefd. Knowledge Italian. Investment capital not exceeding £200. (Advertiser male). Box 6363.

MASSAGE, Physiotherapy; nerves alleviated by qualified masseur. Patients visited if required. Glen Clinic. LEY. 2006.

YOUNG man 30's, cultural interests, seeks another as companion for Continental holiday. Fortnight mid-July. Box 6624.

WANTED, 400 eggheads. Mensa needs people of high I.Q. who are willing to answer postal ballots to help a research project. Flat 5, 4 The Paragon, S.E.3.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1*gn.* to 5*gns.* a box. One quality, the best! Write for Catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. 'Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

HUMANISM is now an International Movement. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. Wes. 2341.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½*d.* stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

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PSYCHOLOGIST, P. J. Perlow, 89 Somerton Road, N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

ADPHONES. If you want to buy or sell anything privately. Any and every article for you and your home. Property, accommodation. Personal services. 4 Wellington Terrace, Bayswater Road, W.2. BAYswater 7224. Adphones.

GUITAR lessons, technique/theory/harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov. FLA. 4354.

PERSONAL—continued

EASIBINDER "self-binding" cases will hold your "New Statesman" as if they were in a bound volume! Maroon rexine cloth, titled in gold, 13*s.* 6*d.*, post free, from The Publishers, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

SPRINGTIME holidays. Enjoy sunshine, Alpine flowers and interesting company with one of our parties of professional people. May 14: Spring flower party in the Dolomites and on Lake Garda. May 28 & June 18: Austrian lakeside holiday. June 11: Swiss Alpine and lakeside holiday at Rossinière and Ascona. Full details from Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 and 9225.

ARTISTS and Students are needed to train for Cartoon Film Animation. A studio contract is offered to those with promise. Low tuition fees for full professional course. Heatherley Film Unit, 33 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1. VIC. 6077.

TO let: suite of 3 offices total approx. 500 sq. ft. 1 min. St. Paul's, 3 min. Ludgate Circus. Rental £175 p.a. Specially suitable for professional practice or headquarters small society. Early occupation given. Box 6552.

MANY of the world's finest films are on 16mm. Why not a film show at your Labour Party, trade union or Co-op Guild meeting? Easy to arrange; inexpensive; projection service if desired. Our library includes over 300 features, documentaries, travelogues and biographies. Send 1*s.* for catalogue to: Plato Films, Dept. D, 376 Grays Inn Rd., London, W.C.1.

YOUNGISH bachelor wishes share his comf. Hampstead flat with an. Congen. companion more important than rent. Quiet, kindly, literate person apprec. Box 6860.

FRANCE, Spain, 15-day casual hols. fr. 20*gns.*; Whitsun; June; July-Aug. Cockaigne Club, 18 Manor Mans., N.W. PRI. 4068.

PART-time literary or commercial secretarial work undertaken evgs. & weekends by competent secretary. London. Box 6684.

MOTHERS, take a complete rest this summer. Young foreign girls, willing to help with children, little housework in return for pocket money, available short/long periods. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

READING or writing in a foreign language is all very well, but can you talk? Short intensive conversation courses in all languages. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2. TRA. 2044.

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CONTINENTAL students seek homes as paying guests, au pair or exchange visitors. Family Friendships Service, 46 Muswell Hill Road, N.10.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

BOYS & girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter. Elizabeth Strachan, Hele 390.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts future programmes and special membership terms for married couples obtainable from Sec., I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186.

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AIR travel included in 2 weeks' tours starting July 23 Switzerland, July 30 Austria (coach tour Vienna), Aug. 6 Tyrol, Aug. 14 N. Italy, Aug. 28 Yugoslavia. £32 to £42. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

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APPLICS. invited to form parties of 8 for fortnightly visits Spanish Med. coast, travelling Volkswagen Microbus. Box 5374.

AUTHOR offers 1/2 seats modern car Austria via Alpine passes, different return route, no touring. July 29-Aug. 21. Share exp. Under 40's pref. Box 6300.

PERSONAL—continued

ALLWAYS Train and Coach Tour of Italy offers exceptional value at 59*gns.* for 16 days. Escorted throughout with lots of leisure. Many independent holiday suggestions and tours are detailed in our free booklet. Allways, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. 'Phone CHA. 6430/7.

MADEIRA has, not without justification, earned a world-wide recognition as the ideal island holiday resort. With a climate as near to perfection as nature could bestow, scenery which is on the grand scale, exotic flora and a friendly people, the island truly lives up to its reputation. There are hotels to suit all tastes and pockets, outdoor sports, swimming, bathing, tennis, fishing and golf. The hinterland of Madeira is mountainous and affords the visitor generous scope for exploring. You can travel in supreme comfort by luxury four-engined double-deck flying boats or if you prefer, by excellent ships of leading lines calling at Funchal. All details regarding these services, hotels and the island, obtainable free on request from Delegacao de Turismo da Madeira, Funchal, Madeira or Casa de Portugal, 20 Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

INEXPENSIVE Seaside Holidays. Brittany, country of superb sand-beaches and glorious rocks, offers wide possibilities for inexpensive seaside holidays, particularly in early and late summer. Ideal for children. Descriptive folder and full list of hotels with inclusive prices from the French Government Tourist Office, 178 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

JUGOSLAVIA—The Wayfarers' Ideal Tour of the Dalmatian Coast a distinctive holiday for the connoisseur. Bled, Opatija, Split, and Dubrovnik—16 days £50 14*s.* 6*d.* Sleepers 31*s.* 6*d.* Write for special leaflet to The Wayfarers Travel Agency, Ltd., Dept. NSN2, 20 Russell Sq., W.C.1. LAN. 8222.

MAJORCA. Stop Press. We are pleased to announce that after successful negotiations additional air services and accommodation have now been arranged for our heavily booked holidays in Majorca from £51 10*s.*, all inclusive. Write or 'phone immediately for exciting fully illustrated Free brochure to Dept. N.S.18, Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CIT. 7163.

AUSTRIA! Magnificent fortnight in the Soviet Zone. Four days in Vienna; the rest among the pine-forested mountains and on the banks of the Danube. Bathing, dancing and many attractions. Aug. 8-21. All excursions optional but included in cost of £38. Send 2½*d.* stamp for free brochure to: Progressive Tours, Dept. D, 100a Rochester Row, London, S.W.1.

INNSBRUCK: If you intend to visit Innsbruck by air between June 1 and September 30, 1955, please write to Box 6886.

SKETCHING party to the Tyrol July/Aug. incl. Dolomites cond. by Austrian artist. 15 days, 26*gns.* Details: Four Seasons Travel, 49 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 7853.

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READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: "The Listener," Jan., 1935-June, 1938, seven volumes, offers?; "N.S. & N.," "J. O'L. W.," 1947/54; Hexaglot Bible; Oboe, Selmer Conservatoire 1952, little used, cost £247, sell £100; Piano, upright, overstrung, bargain £24; Remington Portable, completely overhauled, £10/offer.

WANTED: Books by James Joyce (particularly Paris Ulysses), T. S. Eliot, Wyndham Lewis, Dylan Thomas, Ezra Pound, any copies "Horizon," "Criterion," "Transition"; Rosenberg, Bukharin, Bernstein, Berkenau, Trotsky, James; Szymanowski—Piano Sonatas.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. "Arden of Faversham." Tues.-Fri., 7.45. Sat., 5.30 & 8.30. Last week.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place (nr. Islington Town Hall), Tavistock Rep. in "Rocket to the Moon," by Clifford Odets opens Fri., May 6, 7.30 also Sat. 7, Sun. 8 (mems. only), Thurs. 12, Fri. 13, Sat. 14. 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s., bkble CAN. 5111 after 7.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7.30 (ex. M.), St. Sun. 5 & 8. "The Midnight Family." Mems.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391). "Shadow of the Swastika." Fris. & Sats., 7.45, Suns. 4 & 7.45. Mems.

SCHILLER-Feier (in German). Tues., May 10, 8 p.m. 1 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6 (nr. Finchley Rd. Stn.). Taking part Dr. H. J. Rehfisch-Hamburg, Frederick Valk, Lilly Kann, Leo Beiber, Gerard Heinz and ors. 2s. 6d. Arr. by Club 1943. PRI. 6083.

COME to S. African evening, 41 Platts Lane, N.W.3. Sat., May 7, 7.15. Hear Bruno Raikin (Pianist), James Phillips (Bass). Other African artists. 5s. including traditional supper. For progressive newspaper.

ILFORD Young Israel Society, 16 Coventry Rd., Ilford, May 10, 9 p.m.., offers you Continental Cabaret on records, presented by Eddie Mantus. Visitors welcome.

MARIONETTE Theatre, Highgate. Perfs. every Sun. at 3 & 7. Seats: ARC. 6595.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Japanese Film Season. Until May 8: "Rashomon" (X). From May 9: "The Saga of Anatahan."

HAMPSTEAD Playhouse. PRI. 6868. May 9, 6 dys. Eartha Kitt, "New Faces" (A). Wolf Mankowitz, "Make Me an Offer" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., May 7. Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn in Pat and Mike (U). Dir: George Cukor. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Rd., E.2. Programme of Art Films for Adults. Sundays at 2.30 p.m. and 4 p.m. Admission free. May 8, "Ad Dei Honorem" (a study of a 15th century altarpiece), "Douanier Rousseau," "Images Gothiques" (French Medieval Sculpture). May 15, "Legend of the True Cross" (Piero della Francesca), "Fêtes Galantes" (Watteau), "Images Medievales" (Medieval illuminated MS.). May 22, "Georges Braque," "Maillol," "Pieter Breughel the Elder" (528).

"KAMERADSCHAFT" (Pabst) and "Guernica"—works of Picasso. Sunday, May 8, 7 p.m. Club International, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. Join now.

SCALA Theatre. Soviet Colour Film Premières. "Men of the Caspian Sea," exciting colour film of oil-drilling under the seabed. "Mongolian People's Republic," made jointly by Soviet and Mongolian technicians, with English commentary written and spoken by Ivor Montagu. Sun., May 15, 7 p.m. Tkts. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., from Educ. Ctee., British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. Cash and s.a.e. with order, 10% discount on block bookings of 10 plus.

I.C.A. Dancing to Norman Jackson's "Noveltones," Sat., May 7, 8-11 p.m. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s., guests 5s. Mem'ship invited.

DANCE with The 77 Club, Sat., May 7, 7.30. Victory House, Leicester Sq., W.C.2. West Indian Band. Adm. 5s.

FLANNEL Dance. Licensed. St. Pancras Town Hall, Sat., May 7, 7.30-11.30. Tickets 5s. International Friendship League.

MAY Dance, Saturday, May 7 with Tommy Eytle's Caribbean Rhythm, Royal Hotel, Woburn Place (Tube: Russell Sq.), 7.30-12. Org. Caribbean Labour Congress (L/B). Members and friends.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. "The Genius of Bach." Weekly Bach concerts and organ recitals. Wednesdays at 5.45 until May 25. May 11: Geraint Jones (organ). Leaflets giving full programmes and tickets from Hall (WAT. 3191) and Agents.

JACK Rothstein. Violin Recital with Raymond Leppard (Piano). Sonatas by Corelli, Beethoven, Lennox Berkeley, etc. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room. This Sat., May 7, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Concert of 18th Century Music. Haydn, Purcell, FitzWilliam, Mozart, Bach, Telemann. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room, Sat., May 14, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

STRAWINSKY Cantata, works by Monteverdi, Caldara, Lévi (1st perf.). Colmache Choir Cond. Philip Lévi. St. Thomas Church, Regent St. May 14, at 8. Colin.

ENRIQUE Arias, Colombian Pianist. Tuesday, May 10, 7.30. Wigmore Hall. Sonatas by Mozart (K.283), Chopin (B flat minor), Beethoven (Opus 111) and 1st London performances of works by Santa Cruz and Ginastera. 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall. Management N. Choveaux, 28 Bury Walk, S.W.3.

MARY Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Pl., W.C.1. Thursday, May 19, 8 p.m., Concert of works by Bach, Barsanti, Purcell, Telemann. Soloists: Ilse Wolf, Janet Baker, Gerald English, Norman Platt. Orchestra, Choir, Cond. W. Bergmann.

CONCERTS—continued

82nd Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall, Sat., May 7, at 7.30. Christian Ferras (violin), Pierre Barbizet (piano); Sonatas by Fauré (Opus. 13) and Franck. Michel Sénéchal (tenor), Jacqueline Bonneau (piano): Songs by Fauré and Duparc. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. from Hall. WEL. 2141, and usual agents.

PIANO Recital by the distinguished French pianist Dyna August, Wigmore Hall, May 7, 3 p.m. Bach, Beethoven, Ravel.

TRADITIONAL Jazz Concert. Ken Colyer's Jazzmen with Ewan MacColl. 7.30. Islington Town Hall. Wed., May 11. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., at door or cash & s.a.e. to 102 Barnsbury Rd., N.1. Sponsored by Islington C.P.

ALI Akbar Khan, maestro of Indian instrumental music, in Sarod Recital at Friends' House, Euston Road, N.W.1, on Sat., May 14, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 3s. 6d., 6s., 10s. 6d. from The India League, 47 Strand, W.C.2.

RECITAL of Music including Israeli Songs. Eli Goren: Violin. Peter Wallfisch: Piano. Zimra Ornatt: Soprano. At the Royal Society of Arts, John Adam Street, Adelphi, on May 12 at 8 p.m. Members free: Non-members 2s. Invitations from Anglo-Israel Association, 13 Mansfield St., W.1.

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EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings by Claude Venard. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

CAVENDISH Gallery. Hotel Cavendish, 77 Lancaster Gate, W.2. Good Paintings, Sculpture rejected by the Academy. Mon.-Fri. 11-8 p.m. Commencing May 9.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. Picasso—63 drawings (1953-54) and 10 Bronzes. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30. Until June 4.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. New Paintings by Jack Smith. Until June 4.

CHRISTIAN Sculpture To-Day. St. John's Wood Church, N.W.8. Weekdays 12.30-8 p.m. Sun. 12-2 p.m. & 7.30-8.30 p.m.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Three exhibitions of new paintings by Sidney Nolan, Cecil Michaelis & David Peretz. Hrs. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes May 28.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. André Masson and Moroni. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until May 12.

TATE Gallery, Millbank, S.W.1. Works by Paul Klee from the collection of Mrs. Edward Hulton. Admission free. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8; Sun., 2-6. Closing date June 5.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Paintings by Mark Tobey. Mon.-Fri. 10.30-6 p.m. Saturdays until 1 p.m. Closed Suns. Mems. free. Adm. 1s.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield Street, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. Recent paintings James Wood. April 21 to May 14. 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. incl. Sats.

ABSTRACT Painting from Paris. de Stael, Soulages, Hartung, Manessier. Symon Quinn Gallery, 34 Victoria Lane, Huddersfield, to May 31.

CARL Fredrik Hill. An Exhibition of paintings & drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till May 24. Mons. Weds. Fris. Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. French Paintings & Drawings of the 19th & 20th Century.

NEW Lithographs by Margret Kroch-Frishman. The Everyman Foyer, Hampstead. May 2-May 30.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Collection of French Paintings. Until May 28.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

LEIGHTON House, 12 Holland Park Road, W.14. Exhibition illustrating "English Country Houses open to the public." April 26 to May 14. Admission free. Open weekdays 11-7. (Sats. to 5 p.m.)

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Pierre Soulages.

SLATTER Gallery. Exhibition Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St., W.1.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Paintings by Elliott Seabrooke (1886-1950), daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1, at 142 New Bond Street, London, W.1. Until May 14.

RORSTRAND Exhibition. Modern Swedish Pottery in Table Settings at the Tea Centre, 22 Lower Regent St., S.W.1. Until May 21. Film show 1.15, 1.45, 4.45 & 5.15 Mon.-Fri. 11.30 a.m. Sat.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Christoforou: new paintings. 11-5.30.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

MEMORIAL Tribute to the late Professor Albert Einstein: Monday, May 9, 8.15 p.m., Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, W.1. Speakers include Prof. Samuel Tolansky, Ph.D., F.R.A.S., F.R.S., Prof. Norman Bentwich, O.B.E., M.C., Mark Hambourg. Chairman: Sir Ben Lockspeiser, M.A., F.R.S. Under auspices of B'nai B'rith, first Lodge of England. All welcome.

WORLD Congress of Faiths Annual Service for Peoples of All Faiths, King's Weigh House Church, Duke St., Oxford St., W.1. Wednesday, May 11, at 7.30 p.m. Participating representatives—Dr. S. M. Abdullah (Muslim), Rev. John Rayner (Liberal Jew), Mr. Maung Maung Ji (Buddhist), Rev. Claud Coltman (Christian). Service to be conducted by Rev. Stewart Carter (Cambridge). Preacher, Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, High Commissioner of India.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Mon., May 9, 7 p.m. Composers' Concourse. "Composer at Work." Bernard Stevens discusses his Piano Sonata. Chairman: Colin Mason. C.C. members 2s., non-members 3s. Thurs., May 12, 8.15. Discussion—Daily Express Young Artists' Exhibition 1955, with ref. to the competition at New Burlington Galls. Spkrs. include Lawrence Alloway and Alan Clutton-Brock, Eric Newton. Chairman: Robin Darwin. Members 2s., guests 3s. Fri., May 13, 8.15. Jazz. Charlie Parker Memorial Programme, illus. with records followed by discussion. Mems. 1s. 6d., guests 2s. 6d. Mem. invited.

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. "The Problem of Jealousy," Dr. E. Weissman, Thursday, May 12, 7.30 p.m. punctually. Friends' House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Non-members 2s. Weekend Lect. School, June 3, 4 & 5. Detls. Sec., 6 Colchester Drive, Pinner.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. "What everyone should know about Dry Rot and Woodworm." Mon., May 9, 8 p.m. Lantern slides. 1s. Belsize Tenants/Residents Assn.

JEWISH Ex-Services Club, Adler St., E.1. Pre-election forum, including Tory, Liberal & Labour speakers. May 11, 8.15.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (near Holborn Tube Stn.), Thurs., May 12, 7.30. My Visit to India. All welcome.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lec., 8.15, Fri., May 13: Mrs. Chitrita Gupta, "The Ajanta Cave Paintings" Illus. 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

M. L. BURNET: "Intolerance in England." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., May 8, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

BUDDHIST Society. Wed., May 11, 6.30. Special Public Meeting. Junior Institution of Engineers, 14 Rochester Row, S.W.1 (behind Army and Navy Stores). Buddhist Meditation. The Bhikkhu Kapilavaddho.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. May 14 at 6 p.m. Herr H. Aron. "Die Möglichkeiten für Einwanderer in Australien."

PERSONALIST Group. Dr. J. O. Wisdom on "Philosophy as Unconscious Biography." Thur., May 12, Conway Hall, 7.30.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., May 8. Mrs. A. Blanco White, "Religious Belief and Ethical Behaviour." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. Fri., May 6, 8 p.m., Sir Cecil Kisch, "Translations from Alex. Block, with comments." May 13, Phyllis Bedells, "Russian and English Ballet." Mon., May 16, M. V. Dobuzhinsky, "Novgorod" in Russ.

"PAVLOVIAN Medicine." Dr. B. H. Kizman. Fri., May 6, 8 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Admission 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 1s.)

A THREE-Club debate. Central Jewish Lit. Group are at home to Ilford Y.I. & Highfield & Finchley Y.I. at Folman's, Noel St. (off Berwick St.), W.1. Wed., May 11, 8 p.m. Visitors welcome.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture Sundays 8 p.m. May 8: 'Special Meeting—White Lotus Day.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "Ancient Experiments with Federalism" will be given by Professor J. A. O. Larsen (Chicago) at 5.30 p.m. on May 10, 12 and 17 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Admission free.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "The Philosophy of Schelling" will be given by Professor W. Kretschmer (Tübingen) at 5.30 p.m. on May 17, 18 and 19 at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society Whit Week-end Conference. Lodge Hill, Pulborough. "Planning for Living in Cities." Detls.: Miss B. Yellin, 30 Coborn St., E.3.

WORK Study in Offices. 1 week courses June 6 & 13. N.-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5. GUL. 1154.

RUSSIAN Language: Intensive course. Intermediate & Advanced (10 classes each). Conversation, reading, translation, interpreting. Not for beginners. Mon., July 4-Fri., July 22. Write for particulars to S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8 (with s.a.e.).

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